





OUR SUMMER RETREATS.

A HAND BOOK

9

To all the Chief Waterfalls, Springs,
Mountain and Sea side Resorts, and other Places of
Interest in the United States.

WITH

VIEWS TAKEN FROM SKETCHES BY WASHINGTON FRIEND, ESQ.,
AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

OUR COUNTRY!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore
to shore,

The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;

And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies,
In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
Enamelled with her loveliest dyes!

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans, roll afar:

Broad takes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;

And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where Love the air with music fills,
And calm Content and Peace abide.

W. J. PARODIE



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OUR SUMMER RETREATS.

IN conducting our reader to the innumerable watering-places and summer resorts with which the United States of America abound, we need scarcely say that in so small a volume as this our descriptions must necessarily be brief.

The scenery of North America is on a very extended scale, embracing every variety, from the most awe-inspiring and sublime to the softest and most beautiful. The points of interest—both physically and historically—are so numerous and wide-spread, that even a slight sketch of each would require ten times the space we have at command, and a careful detail would fill many a bulky volume. We have, therefore, in the *first part* of our Guide, bestowed particular attention upon the most celebrated sights and scenes in the Union; and, in the *second part*, we have noted the names and positions of all, or nearly all, the localities of secondary importance, with here and there a few extended remarks. Some of those in the “second part” might, perhaps, with propriety, have been placed amongst those in the “first part;” but our limited space compels us in such cases to do some injustice to points of prime interest and importance.

Both “parts” of this Guide are arranged alphabetically.

Before proceeding to details, it may, perhaps, be advisable to give the tourist, whose time is limited, a few brief hints on the all-important point of

WHERE, AND HOW, TO GO.

That will depend very much, of course, on the spot which you occupy before starting, and on the length of time at your command. Let us assume that you have reached the great city of New York.

1st. *If you have only a few days* at command.—Take a run to any of the beautiful places in the vicinity, to one of the many pleasant resorts on the charming shores of Long Island or New Jersey; or steam up the splendid Hudson River to West Point, or further if you can.

2d. *If you have two weeks*.—Go up the Hudson, and enjoy the splendid scenery of that noble river,—especially the part called the “Highlands;” visit West Point and Newburgh, and land at the village of Catskill; from which proceed to the Catskill Mountains, and spend the remainder of your time there.

3d. *Or*, continue your voyage past Catskill village, onwards to Albany, and proceed thence to Saratoga Springs, and then to Lake George, with its matchless scenes; visit the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, and proceed down Lake Champlain to Whitehall, and so back by rail to Troy, and by Hudson to New York.

4th. *Or*, go to New Hampshire, and wander among the wonders and beauties of the White Mountains, passing on your way thither (and exploring, if time permits) Boston, the beautiful Lake Winnipiseogee, and the charming valley of Conway, &c.

5th. *If you have three weeks*.—Go visit the Falls of Niagara, the wonder and the admiration of the world,

—proceeding as in route No. 3 as far as Fort Ticonderoga, thence proceed by steamer up Lake Champlain to St. John's, thence by rail to Montreal, and so by Lake Ontario to the Falls.

6th. *Or*, if you prefer it, you can proceed direct to Niagara from Albany by railroad, diverging at Utica 15 miles to see Trenton Falls, and returning by way of Lake Ontario, Montreal, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Saratoga Springs, Albany, and the Hudson.

7th. *If you have four weeks.*—Go to the Virginia Springs, by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, &c., and visit the far-famed Natural Bridge, Weir's Cave, the Peaks of Otter, and all the other wonders of this interesting region. Return by Lynchburg and Richmond to Washington.

8th. *Or*, proceed still further westward to Kentucky, and spend the remainder of your time in exploring the wonders of the justly celebrated Mammoth Cave,—second only, in grandeur and interest, to the Falls of Niagara.

9th. *Or*, go, if you be not a lady, on a hunting expedition to the wilderness of Northern New York, taking Saratoga, Lake George, and part of Lake Champlain on your way; landing at Port Kent, halting at Keeseville to see the remarkable walled banks and cascades of Ausable,—and, thereafter, revelling as long as you can among the deer-haunted solitudes of the Saranac Lakes, and amid the wild fastnesses of the Adirondack Mountains.

PART I.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

THERE is no summer resort more conveniently situated, and at the same time more pleasant and agreeable, than the neighbourhood of the Catskills. They are about 110 miles north of the city of New York, and may be reached by the railway to Oakhill station, on the opposite side of the river, where there is a ferry; or by steamboat up the beautiful Hudson to the village of Catskill, whence we continue the journey by stage 12 miles westward, to the Mountain House.

These mountains are among the finest and most picturesque in the States. They are "a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian chain," which extends from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico; and those of which we now write rise to about 3800 feet.

The trip up the Hudson, towards this beautiful region, is most exquisite. The river is celebrated for its extreme beauty, and the voyage up is one of the most enjoyable features of our trip to the Catskills.

One of our Engravings gives a view of the Mountains and the Mountain House, as seen from the town of Hudson, situated on the opposite side of the river a little higher up.

Irving writes of the Catskills, in his Sketch-Book :—
" Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magic hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled,

they are clothed in blue and purple, and point their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory."

The *Mountain House*, Pine Orchard, is a first-rate hotel, which has been perched on the edge of a precipitous cliff, high up the mountains,—2200 feet above the Hudson,—and from which there is one of the finest views in the neighbourhood. This was the place on which Leather-stocking (in Cooper's "Pioneers") enlarges with so much graphic enthusiasm, describing it as a spot whence "creation" might be seen at a single glance. And here, within a mile of the house, is the spot on which "Rip Van Winkle,"—Irving's humorous creation,—had his nap of fifteen years' duration. The house is a commodious and elegant wooden structure, having a grand façade of columns reaching to the eaves; and containing every comfort and convenience that could be desired by the most fastidious traveller. The view from the windows embraces the far-extending and rich valley of the Hudson, with the range of New England hills to the eastward. Such a sight can neither be adequately conceived nor described. Towns and villages, spires and villas, green fields and clumps of rich woodland, with the silver tide of the busy Hudson winding through the midst of all, while steamers, and white sails, and boats, give life and motion,—all are seen at one wide glance from this commanding height; and all derive that enchantment which is proverbially lent by distance to the view, and which is enhanced by contrast with the cool shades of the surrounding solitude.

The *North Mountain* is a spot which ought to be

visited early, as from it a good view is obtained of our mountain residence and the wild scenery that surrounds it. The *South Mountain* forms another agreeable excursion. Guides are absolutely necessary on the various excursions here..

The *Two Lakes* are at a short distance behind the hotel, and are seen from North Mountain, sleeping like twins in the lonely plateau of the mountains. There are trout in these waters, and skiffs ready for use, so that they form a great attraction to sporting tourists.

Stony Clove is another agreeable excursion. It is a wild mountain pass about six miles from the Mountain House. *Plauterkill Clove* is another pass, five miles below the Catskill passage. But the chief excursion is to the *Catskill Falls*. These beautiful cascades are about three miles from the Mountain House, from which carriages run for the accommodation of visitors. "The body of water is small, and issues from the two lakes above mentioned. It precipitates itself over a rock at the end of one of the lakes to the depth of 180 feet, then runs about 30 yards, and springs over another rock to the depth of 80 feet more. The descent to the bottom is safe and easy. Steps are arranged all the way. When at the bottom we gaze with astonishment at the wonders before us. We pass behind the water, and find ourselves in a cavernous amphitheatre, whose rocky vault extends far in front, and the falling spray seems a curtain of mist let down at the entrance. We look beyond, and as we see the moss-covered rock arising to the very heavens above, we seem to be in some dilapidated cathedral of nature, the roof of which has long since disappeared."

Cooper (in his "Pioneers") makes "Leather-stocking" give the following graphic description of these falls:—

“The stream is, maybe, such a one as would turn a mill, if so useless a thing was wanted in the wilderness. But the hand that made that ‘Leap’ never made a mill! There the water comes crooking and winding among the rocks, first so slow that a trout could swim in it, and then starting and running, just like any creature that wanted to make a far spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides like the cleft foot of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh 200 feet, and the water looks like flakes of driven snow afore it touches the bottom; and there the stream gathers itself together again for a new start, and maybe flutters over 50 feet of flat rock, before it falls for another 100, when it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning this-a-way, and then turning that-a-way, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain.”

The *Laurel House* is a small and very good hotel, situated close to the Falls, and overlooking the magnificent glen. The charges are somewhat lower than those at the Mountain House; and the Laurel House keeps open all winter, which the other does not.

High Peak ought to be scaled. It is the second highest pinnacle of the Catskills,—about 3720 feet,—and affords a splendid view of the whole country. *Round Top* may also be ascended. It is the highest peak in the mountains, being 3800 feet.

In conclusion, we may add that every information and facility for visiting the various points of interest in the Catskills is afforded by the obliging proprietor of the Mountain House.

CAPE MAY.

This is a celebrated and favourite watering-place near

the mouth of the Delaware, at the southern extremity of New Jersey. The country is level, and, in parts, marshy; and the sea-beach is very extensive and good for bathing. The accommodation of every description is first rate. The Mount Vernon Hotel is, perhaps, the largest in the world. Cape May can be reached by steamboat from Philadelphia, and New York, throughout the season.

GENESEE FALLS.

The Genesee River flows through the State of New York, and falls into Lake Ontario a few miles below the city of Rochester. The Falls occur near its mouth. They are celebrated for their picturesque beauty and great height, and are much visited by tourists from all parts of the country. The Buffalo and New York City Railroad crosses the river near the southerly Fall, on a viaduct of magnificent proportions. It is upwards of 234 feet above the stream, and 800 feet in length, and the scenery around is wild in the extreme.

There are three great Falls; and, within the distance of three miles, there is a descent of about 230 feet. The Rapids of the Genesee commence a mile above the Fall at Rochester. The first pitch of the stream, just below the aqueduct of the Erie Canal, is 97 perpendicular feet. It was here that the celebrated diver, Sam Patch, made his last and fatal leap. He sprang from Table Rock, in the centre of the Falls, and was never seen again. The second cataract is 20 feet high. Below this the river rushes with increased violence to the last mighty plunge of 105 feet. Like Niagara, the river cuts through a dark and deep ravine below the Falls, towards Carthage, which is situated at the head of the navigation from Lake Ontario. This river plunges over the same stratum

of limestone with Niagara; and, like the latter, is gradually cutting its way backward.

Visitors to Niagara may easily stop to take a look at the Genesee Falls. They may be reached from New York by steamboat and railway, and from Canada by way of the lakes. The country around the Falls is in a very flourishing condition; too much so, perhaps, for the romance of such a scene. Willis says, "The thriving village of Rochester stands round the lip of the Fall; and if you talk to the inhabitants of the beauty of the cascade, they stop your mouth, and strike calculation dumb, with the number of sledge-hammers, nail-cutters, mill-stones, and cotton-jennies, it carries; the product per diem; the corresponding increase of population, *et cetera, et cetera*;—the only instance in the known world of a cataract turned, without the loss of a drop, through the pockets of speculators." A path railed off on the side of the canal, forms an interesting promenade across the bed of the river. The hotels are excellent, as, indeed, they are in all the fashionable resorts in the United States.

LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

There are few parts of the States more enjoyable as a summer retreat than Lake George, or Horicon, and its neighbourhood. It has been aptly said of this lake that it is to America what the Trosachs are to Scotland,—a wild, secluded, excessively beautiful spot, embraced within comparatively small compass and easily accessible, the route being by steamer up the Hudson to Albany, 145 miles, and Saratoga, 39 miles, and thence to the lake, 28 miles.

Caldwell is the first village we reach on Lake George, at the head or southern end of which it is situated. Our View is taken from *Fort William Henry Hotel*, a

first-rate hotel near the village, at which, or at the *Lake House Hotel*, also first-rate and in the village, we recommend the tourist to put up for some time, in order to enjoy the beauties of this lovely spot at leisure. The village is beautifully embosomed in trees and shrubs, with cottages, and fields, and woodland, rising gradually behind it, and the placid waters of the lake in front, reflecting the white houses, and alive with boat-loads of pleasure parties, whose voices rise in a pleasant murmur like music on the summer air. Truly it is a gladsome sight, to see men, and women, and children,—whose year is almost, it may be, entirely spent in the close confinement of city life,—throwing themselves into the full enjoyment of the bright pure atmosphere of the country. And this sight may be witnessed in perfection from the grounds of this excellent hotel.

Lake George, in the State of New York, is celebrated for the purity of its waters, the number and beauty of its islands, and its interesting historical associations.

To sail or row dreamily among those isles and fish in the lake, is of itself sufficient compensation for the trouble and expense of a long journey. The lake is 36 miles long, north and south, and from 2 to 3 miles wide. The part called the *Narrows* is the most beautiful portion of the lake. Hundreds of islands, of all sizes and shapes—some bare and small, others large and wooded heavily to the water's edge—cluster so thickly that it seems as if there were no escape from their intricacies. The hills around the lake are high and picturesque, presenting every form of wild and rich scenery. The French named this sheet of water *Lake Sacrament*, owing to its purity. There have been many fights in its neighbourhood. The *Battle of Lake George* was one of the most sanguinary, fought between the

English under Sir William Johnson, and the French under Baron Dieskau, in 1755, at the head of the lake. The English loss was 130, the French about 700. The hotel is close to the ruins of Fort William Henry, and a mile or so further are the ruin of *Fort George*. At the former a shocking *massacre* took place in 1757. The British garrison, consisting of 2500 men under Colonel Monroe, were obliged to capitulate, and were promised, by the French general, to be allowed to march out with baggage and arms on condition of not serving against the French for eighteen months. But no sooner had they marched out of the fort than the Indians attached to the French army fell suddenly upon them and massacred them by hundreds, while the French made no effort to restrain them. More than a hundred women fell victims to French perfidy and savage brutality on that terrible occasion.

Glen's Falls, on the Upper Hudson, are about nine miles from Caldwell. They are worthy of a visit. Here Cooper laid some of the scenes of his interesting work, "The Last of the Mohicans." On the way to them, four miles from the lake, we pass the *Bloody Pond*, into which those slain at the Battle of Lake George were thrown.

An excursion to the foot of Lake George in the pretty little steamer *Minnehaha*, and back again, may be made in one day. This includes a visit to *Fort Ticonderoga*, four miles from the landing-place. It would be better, however, to make this trip more leisurely while on our way to Lake Champlain, as the excursion which we recommend is the regular route to that lake.

Our View of the *Head Waters of Lake George*, from the grounds of the Fort William Henry Hotel, shows

the steamer starting on her downward trip. The points of interest that we pass *en route* are, Diamond Island, Long Island, Dome Island, &c.; all associated with the wars waged in the middle of the last century. At *Bolton Landing* there is an excellent hotel called the *Mohican House*, at which we might sojourn very pleasantly for a day or two. On the east side of the bay rises *Tongue Mountain*, after passing which we enter the *Narrows*, before alluded to. *Shelving Rock* here is a curious spot, much resorted to by fishers. *Black Mountain* is the chief peak in this neighbourhood. It is upwards of 2200 feet high. Several miles beyond the *Narrows* we pass *Sabbath-day Point*, from which, on a Sabbath morning in 1758, General Abercromby embarked the army with which he made an unsuccessful and disastrous attack on Fort Ticonderoga. Next we pass *Roger's Slide*, a steep promontory of about 400 feet high, down which Major Roger was supposed to have slid while fleeing from a party of Indians. The bold major, however, had only practised a ruse by which he managed to elude his pursuers. He walked in snowshoes to the edge of the tremendous slope and threw over his haversack; then, without turning his snowshoes, he took them off, and turning round, went backward a considerable way, and descended by a ravine to the frozen lake below. When the Indians came up they firmly believed he had slipped down the cliff, and ceased to pursue him. From the landing at the foot of the lake we proceed four miles along the banks of the turbulent stream which conducts the waters of Lake George into Lake Champlain. Passing two thriving villages on the way, we arrive at the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga. The *Falls* on this river are very fine.

Fort Ticonderoga, on a point in Lake Champlain,

was built by the French in 1756. In 1758 the British besieged it with an army of 16,000 men under General Abercromby. The besiegers fought desperately, but were mowed down by hundreds by the French guns, and were obliged to retire totally discomfited. Lord Howe was killed in this engagement. The fort was evacuated the following year, and the British took possession. Ticonderoga was one of the first forts taken by the Americans in the war of Independence. It was reduced in 1777 by the British under General Bourgoyne, who planted artillery on the top of Mount Defiance, which commands it. *Mount Independence*, on the opposite side of the lake, was abandoned at the same time.

Lake Champlain was discovered by Samuel Champlain in the year 1609, while that celebrated discoverer, having founded Quebec, was on a warlike expedition into the territories of the Iroquois. The lake is 120 miles long, running due north and south, and it varies from a quarter of a mile to 13 miles in width. The scenery around it is extremely beautiful, and its historical associations are most interesting.

The traveller may steam along it from *Whitehall*, a thriving village at the southern extremity, to *Rouse Point* at the north; or he may land at various intermediate points and enjoy fishing and shooting, both of which are good.

After leaving *Whitehall* the steamer proceeds along a portion of the lake which is extremely narrow, averaging less than a mile, until it reaches Ticonderoga, to which place we have already conducted our reader by way of Lake George. Embarking, we speed over the lake, which widens considerably here, passing *Crown Point* and, opposite to it, *Chimney Point*; both places celebrated in the time of the wars. *Crown Point* is

strongly fortified by the French in 1731. In 1759 it fell into the hands of the British, and a new and much stronger fortress was begun. It was taken by surprise by the Americans on the same day that Ticonderoga fell into their hands. Proceeding onward, we pass *Port Henry*, where is an extensive iron work; *West Port*, *Basin Harbour*, and *Fort Cassin*, near which was fitted out the fleet with which Macdonough, the American Commodore, gained his victory over the British off Plattsburg. *Split Rock* is a very remarkable mass of rock which has been detached from the neighbouring cliff, leaving a narrow gorge or passage between. The detached mass contains about half an acre, and rises 30 feet above the water. Beyond this the lake increases in width very much. The villages of Essex and Burlington are afterwards passed, also Port Kent.

There are some splendid waterfalls here, on the *Ausable River*, which are well worthy of a visit of two or three days; and the *Ausable House*, at Keeseville, is a capital hotel. Port Jackson is noted for a severe naval conflict which took place here between the Americans under General Arnold, and the British under Captain Pringle. *Plattsburg* stands on both sides of the *Saranac River*, and is celebrated for the two battles fought on the 11th September 1814—one on the lake, the other on shore—which resulted in the defeat of the British. Commodore Macdonough commanded the American fleet, and General Macomb the army. The British fleet was under Commodore Downie, and the land force under Sir George Provost. Early in the forenoon of the 11th the British fleet rounded *Cumberland Head*, and bore down on the Americans. The first shot from the fleet was the signal for the action to begin on shore. The naval engagement was a very sanguinary one, and

lasted two hours and a half. The killed and wounded on both sides were very numerous, and Captain Downie, the British commander, was among the former. The success of the Americans on the lake decided the fate of the day on shore. Both actions terminated about the same time, and before evening the stripes and stars waved triumphant over land and water.

Rouse's Point terminates our voyage, unless we are disposed to proceed to St. John's, the head of navigation in these waters, and so on, into Canada. Several railroads terminate here, so that every facility is afforded for passing into other parts of the States or Canada. Custom-house officers search the baggage of travellers at this point. The line of separation between American and British territory is a little to the north of Rouse's Point.

The *Albarg Springs*, *Highgate Springs*, and *Missisquoi Bay*, all at the northern end of the lake, are favourite summer resorts, where excellent fishing and hunting may be enjoyed in the midst of very beautiful scenery.

MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

This is one of the wonders of America, and should be visited by all who can possibly afford the time. It is situated in Edmondson county, and may be reached from Cincinnati and Louisville by railway and stage. Steamboats also ply on the Green River from Louisville to within a mile of the cave. At the *Cave Hotel*, close to the entrance of the great cavern, tourists will find every accommodation; and there is an excellent hotel—*Bell's*—nine miles distant from the cave, on the road to it. The Mammoth Cave is of enormous extent, and its wonders are innumerable. The extent of this prodigious cavern is unknown. It has been explored for

ten miles—part of that distance in a boat on a small sheet of water, in which are found fish without eyes! Including all the windings, at least 40 miles have been explored. Ponderous stalactites hang from the roof, and corresponding stalagmites rise from the floor. There are upwards of 40 domes, 200 avenues, 23 pits, and a number of cataracts and ponds of various sizes. The Star Chamber, the Gothic Chapel, the Church, 100 feet diameter and 63 feet high, the Ball Room, and the Cross Room, are some of the chief wonders of this marvellous place.

The atmosphere of the cave is singularly pleasant,—the temperature being 59°, and never varying either summer or winter. A former proprietor of this cavern was a physician, who advertised the place as being admirably suited for consumptive patients. He had several cottages built, and induced a number of invalids to take up their quarters and spend a dreary existence in these dark and gloomy shades. They all died, however, despite the equable temperature of the place, so that the experiment was not repeated.

It is said that several fowls were taken into the cave at the time of this experiment, and the poor cocks, being deprived of their natural guide—the sun—were wont to crow when a candle was lighted!

NIAGARA FALLS.

It is needless to say that Niagara is a favourite summer resort! Thousands upon thousands flock to it every year, and go away with a feeling that they have beheld one of the “wonders of the world.” If we may judge from the writings of the great and the gifted, who in all ages have made a pilgrimage to this magnificent cataract, the effect upon the mind is always the same,—deeply solemnizing; lifting it by an irresistible impulse

to the contemplation of the wonder-working Creator, while it dwells with fascinated gaze upon the tremendous avalanche of water. Niagara is well described by Brainard in the following beautiful lines:—

“The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his ‘hollow hand,’
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour’s sake,
‘The sound of many waters;’ and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch the centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war’s vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot that man makes
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker’s might!”

The Village of the Falls, at which we take up our abode, is in the State of New York, and is reached by railway from the principal towns of the State. It lies on the east side of the Niagara River, close to the great cataract, 22 miles by rail from the town of Buffalo on Lake Erie, and 300 by rail from Albany, the latter being 146 miles distant from New York, by steamer up the Hudson.

The Hotels at Niagara are numerous and excellent; the principal are, the *Cataract House* and *International* in the Village of the Falls; and the *Eagle*, two miles down the river, at the Suspension Bridge. *Clifton House* is a magnificent hotel on the Canada side, also near the Suspension Bridge.

The *Falls of Niagara* were first seen by Father

Hennepin, a French Jesuit missionary, 180 years ago. He came upon them while on a journey of exploration in 1678. The River Niagara is about 36 miles in length, and conveys the waters of Lake Erie into Lake Ontario. An imaginary line running down the centre of this river, and of the lakes immediately above and below it, forms the boundary between the United States and Canada. The Falls occur about 22 miles below the commencement of the river at Lake Erie.

The river above the Falls is studded with islands of all sizes, amounting to thirty-seven in number, and the width of the stream varies from several hundred yards to three miles. The total descent from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is 334 feet. It is believed that the Falls have gradually cut their way back from Queenston, seven miles, to their present position. The rate at which they receded must have varied considerably, owing to the different strata through which they had to cut, but the present rate of recession is computed to be about one foot annually. Geologists are of opinion that they will cease their retrograde action after receding two miles further back, as, from the peculiar formation of the strata over which they flow, the hard limestone which is now at the top, will, at that point, be at the bottom of the Fall, while the cataract will have lost much in height. It is roughly estimated that the Falls must have taken at least 35,000 years to cut their way from Queenston to their present position !

The river at the Falls is about three quarters of a mile wide. Goat Island divides the stream at the edge of the precipice, thus forming two Falls. The American Fall is 900 feet wide, by 163 feet high. The Fall on the Canadian side, named the Horse-Shoe Fall, is 2000 feet wide and 154 feet high. The water rushes over this magnifi-

cent precipice at the rate of one hundred million tons every hour! The word Niagara is of Indian extraction, and signifies the "Thunder of Waters,"—a name which is particularly appropriate. The roar of the Falls is said to be heard sometimes at a very great distance; but this depends very much on the direction and strength of the wind.

The points of interest that ought to be visited are as follows:—

Goat or Iris Island, which divides the river in two. Cross the Suspension Bridge above the rapids, and observe the turmoil of the waters as they gather strength for the final leap. *Bath Island* is at the other end of the bridge, and here we are charged 25 cents at the *Toll-House*, which gives us the freedom of the bridge for the current year. Here, also, we may purchase any quantity of Indian curiosities, and refresh ourselves in warm or plunge baths if so disposed. Goat Island is half a mile long by a quarter broad, and heavily wooded. It is a delightful spot from which to see the Falls, and the rapids above, in various points of view. *Biddle's Stairs* conduct us down the face of the cliff to the foot of the Falls; and here we may clothe ourselves in oilskin, and go into the *Cave of the Winds*, a cavern of chaotic turmoil behind the curtain of the American Fall; or, we may ramble away towards the *Horse-Shoe Fall*, and obtain the view given in our Engraving. The trees which are seen rising above the brink of the cataract, are on the Canada side. *Terrapin Tower* stands like a reckless sentinel so near to the edge that we half expect, as we gaze up, to see him swept over into the boiling caldron. This tower is reached by a small bridge from Goat Island, and it commands a magnificent bird's-eye view of the Falls and the surrounding scenery.

At Biddle's Stairs the celebrated Sam Patch leaped from a platform erected 97 feet above the river below. He did this twice in 1829 in safety. In walking round Goat Island, we pass a group of small islands named the *Three Sisters*. Here many a narrow escape has been made, and here the *Hermit of the Falls*, Francis Abbot, used to bathe every day. Abbot was a handsome and accomplished youth, who, in 1829, appeared at the Falls, and took up his abode in a solitary log cabin on Goat Island. No one knew whence he came, and he maintained a distant reserve that no one could break through. He was kind and courteous, however, and spent his time in wandering around the Falls at all hours of the day and night. Music and sketching served to beguile the long nights of winter, and he contented himself with the companionship of his dog and cat. He was drowned at last, while bathing near Prospect Point, below the Falls; and his body, which was with difficulty recovered, now lies buried close to the great cataract he loved so well. Accidents at the Falls are by no means unusual, and many a thrilling tale will be told to us by our guide, of those who have been swept over that awful precipice.

Prospect Point is a few hundred yards down the river on the American side; it commands one of the finest views of the Falls, which are seen stretching in one grand sweep from the American to the Canada side. Here we are within a few yards of the *Ferry-House*, so we may as well get into the curious little railway car that descends a steep incline to the river's bank below, where a ferry-boat waits to take us across. The view from the water is very fine; but a better way to enjoy this prospect is to embark in the steamer the *Maid of the Mist*, which sails up to the Falls, into the cloud of mist, and almost dips her bow into the falling flood ere she con-

descends to turn back. Landing near Clifton House, we walk up the banks of the river a little more than a mile, and, turning round, we look down the river at the prospect given in our Illustration. Then we pass the *Museum*, which is worth visiting, and arrive at *Prospect House*, from the top of which is to be had an inconceivably magnificent view of this matchless scene.

Table Rock is just in front of Prospect House. Here we may advance to the very brink of the overhanging cliff, if we have nerve to do so, and gaze down into the angry, boiling sea, which never rests, and above whose troubled waters there hangs a cloud of spray, which bursts unceasingly out from the tormented flood. Having seen the view from Table Rock we have beheld the finest prospect of Niagara, so we may now devote our time to inspecting the details of the Fall more narrowly, and to visiting the spots of interest in the vicinity.

Going under the Fall is an interesting feat, which may be accomplished with safety if one is moderately cautious. There is a stair close to Table Rock, by which we can descend and pass under the overhanging cliff. Passing on, we penetrate right between the precipice and the falling curtain of water. The deafening roar and the dashing spray have a very terrible effect here. It seems as though the solid rocks were about to be torn from their foundations and churned to atoms;—but we stand safely, looking forward at the inner surface of the Falls; and upward at the precipice, 90 feet perpendicular at our backs; and downward, 70 feet, at the roaring vortex, that seems to lash angrily, as if it would fain draw us within its horrible grasp.

The *Burning Spring* is about two miles higher up the river. It emits sulphureted hydrogen gas, which burns with a pale-blue flame when a light is applied to

it. In this neighbourhood the battle of Chippewa was fought, 5th July, 1814. *Lundy's Lane Battle Ground* is about a mile and a half below the Falls, near Clifton House. The battle was fought between the Americans and British in 1814. Both sides claim the victory! The *Suspension Bridge*, about two miles below the Falls, is a wonderful structure. It is the work of Mr. John A. Roebling, of Trenton, New Jersey, and was begun in 1852, replacing one of smaller dimensions. It is of enormous strength, and has two roadways, one below the other. On the upper, the trains of the Great Western and New York Central Railroads pass and repass between Canada and the States. The road beneath is for waggons, horses, &c. It cost 500,000 dollars. Its length is 800 feet, width 24 feet, height above the river 250 feet. There are four enormous wire cables, of about 10 inches diameter, which contain about 4000 miles of wire; and the total weight of the bridge is 800 tons. The *Whirlpool* is about three miles below the Falls. The river takes an abrupt turn here, and shoots with great violence against the cliff on the Canada side, forming a whirlpool. The rapids below are very strong. The *Mineral Springs* are on the American side, a short distance above the Whirlpool. *The Devil's Hole* is a gloomy, savage chasm in the bank, between one and two hundred feet deep, less than a mile further down the river, also on the American side. Overhanging this chasm is a precipice, from the top of which falls a little stream named the *Bloody Run*; so called from the following tragical incident:—During the French war, in 1763, a small detachment of British soldiers was sent with a supply of provisions from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser. They were surprised by a large force of Seneca Indians at this place. The whole of them were shot

down, or thrust over the precipice, and the little stream ran red with blood, while the savages yelled around the soldiers in triumph. Only two escaped to tell the tale. *Chasm Tower*, a little further down, affords a fine prospect of the surrounding country. *Brock's Monument* commemorates the death of the British General, Sir Isaac Brock, and the sanguinary action in which he fell, 13th October 1812. It stands on the Queenston Heights, and commands a magnificent view of the country beyond, towards Lake Ontario, which bounds the view to the north. Just below is *Queenston*, and on the American side opposite is *Lewiston*; while all around, villas and villages, farms and woodland, are spread out in rich profusion. *Lewiston Suspension Bridge* is close at hand; a magnificent structure, larger and much stronger than the one above. It is 1045 feet long.

Above the Falls, the Niagara River is thickly studded with islands of every size and shape. Grand Island is the largest, being 12 miles long and 7 broad. It is not so much an island in the river, as a large tract of land which divides the river into two channels. The large commercial town of *Buffalo* stands at the head of the river, where it flows out of Lake Erie.

This is a brief but comprehensive enumeration of the points of interest around the mighty cataract. Niagara is invested with an influence which none can resist, those who visit it cannot fail to be more deeply than ever impressed with the majesty and power of its almighty Creator.

NEWPORT.

This is one of the most fashionable watering-places in the United States. It is situated at the southern extremity of Rhode Island, opposite Narragansett Bay,

5 miles from the sea by Ship Channel, and 165 miles from New York, from which it may be reached by steamer. On approaching, we pass between Fort Wollcott on Goat Island, and Fort Adams on Brenton Point. The old town—which was once a celebrated commercial city, and around which there linger many interesting historical associations—lies near the water; and the new part of the city, composed of beautiful villas and summer residences, spreads out upon terraces which overlook the sea. The hotels are numerous, and, we need scarcely add, excellent; the principal are, the Ocean House, the Bellevue House, the Atlantic House, the Aquidneck, and the Fillmore. The bathing here is most delightful; and the library, containing 8000 volumes, is a capital antidote to *ennui*.

During the Revolution, the British held possession of Newport for a long time; and before leaving it, they did so much damage to the town, that the population was reduced from 12,000 to 4000. Here, across Narragansett Bay, was born Commodore Perry, the brave commander on Lake Erie; and his remains now rest in Newport.

The harbour is one of the best on the coast, and well defended by the forts above mentioned. The scenery is varied and beautiful. There are upwards of fifteen churches in the city, besides many fine public buildings, among which we may particularize that of the Redwood Library and Athenæum. Newport was the rival of Boston and New York before the Revolution, but it has never recovered the evils of that period. It has now, however, risen to the highest point of fame as a fashionable summer resort.

NAHANT

is a celebrated and fashionable watering-place on the

shores of Massachusetts Bay. It is 12 miles distant from Boston by water, and 14 by railroad and stage. It is a peninsula jutting out into the sea, and connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of sand, just sufficiently elevated to escape from the lashing waves. The compactness of this beach is remarkable; and it forms a delightful promenade and drive, scarcely any impression being made on it by carriage wheels or horse hoofs.

Nahant consists of two parts,—Great Nahant and Little Nahant; and these are connected by the Bass Neck. Great Nahant is about two miles long by half a mile wide. It has a splendid beach, with sheltered bays and sandy coves—the joy of timid bathers—in some places; and bold, rugged rocks—the delight of fearless divers—in others. The hotels, cottages, and villas, are delightfully situated, and very picturesque. The surface of the ground is uneven, rising in some places to 100 feet above the sea; and, on the south side of Great Nahant, there is a curious grotto, called the *Swallow's Cave*, which is 70 feet long. On the north shore there is a chasm called the *Spouting Horn*, into which the water rushes with great violence, at about half tide, sending a jet high into the air.

The view of the ocean from the splendid hotel is very fine; and the delightfully cool sea breezes that surround the peninsula, render it a favourite summer resort of the Bostonians.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

We meet with all the “world” at the far-famed Springs of Saratoga in summer. From all parts of the United States, and from foreign lands, men, and women, and children, flock in crowds to drink the healing

waters, and enjoy the scenery and the gay society of this favourite watering-place. Saratoga is a watering-place in every sense of the term,—we bathe in the waters, we drink the waters, and we sail or row on the waters of this highly favoured region.

That the springs are universally attractive is evident from the variety of strangers who annually visit them; that they are conducive to health is equally palpable, from the joyous animation that seems to pervade society in general. We would not dare to utter a word that would seem in the smallest degree to undervalue the efficacy of these waters. Fresh air, rural scenes, exercise and exciting excursions, cheerful society, total relaxation from business,—these may have something (a very little, perhaps) to do with the restoration of invalids and the invigorating of the healthy; but the mineral waters are the great panacea for all the ills the flesh is heir to,—so say the doctors, and so think the patients, doubtless, else they would not drink so perseveringly at these fountains.

The diseases that are cured by the waters of the Saratoga Springs are almost innumerable,—and, to ordinary mortals, incomprehensible. We have several lists of them before us, but refrain from exasperating the reader by presenting them in detail. Let one sample suffice. One medical authority says: “The most prominent and perceptible effects of these waters, when taken into the stomach, are, cathartic, diuretic, and tonic.” It may be well, however, to quote another sentence from the same author, as it tells us distinctly what the waters do *not* cure. “In phthisis, and indeed all other pulmonary affections arising from primary diseases of the lungs, the waters are manifestly injurious, and evidently tend to increase the violence of the disease.”

Before proceeding further with our subject, we will treat the reader to a few—

Facts relative to Saratoga. Facts are usually considered dry subjects ; but facts that one wishes to know, and that happen to be useful, or necessary, or both, are not likely to prove dry,—especially when connected, as they are, with water springs.

Saratoga is a delightful village situated in the State of New York. It is about 185 miles distant from the city of New York, the route being by steamer up the beautiful Hudson River to Albany,—146 miles,—and thence by rail—39 miles—to Saratoga. If visited from Boston, the route is by the Western Railway to Albany, 200 miles. There are no less than twelve different springs in the neighbourhood of Saratoga ; but those chiefly used are the *Congress*, *Iodine*, *High Rock*, *Monroe*, *Putnam's Congress*, *Flat Rock*, *Hamilton*, *Columbian*, and *Washington* springs.

Hotels are numerous and excellent, the board being from 2 to 2½ dollars a-day,—as it is at all the watering-places in the United States. There are also a number of good private boarding-houses, and, in short, every convenience, in the way of food, shelter, and conveyance, that the most fastidious traveller could desire, and at very moderate charges. The principal hotels are as follows: The *United States*, *Union Hall*, *Congress Hall*, the *Pavilion* ; after these, the *American*, *Columbian*, *Adelphi*, *Washington*, *Railroad House*, *The Prospect*, and *Highland Hall*.

The *scenery* of Saratoga has nothing peculiarly fine about it. Indeed it would be considered tame were that the only attraction ; but the famed waters and the brilliant society are the chief points of interest. The scenery is sweet, and what we might call agreeable, and

the drives in the vicinity are very pretty. The air is clear and salubrious; and the village itself, with its pillared and verandahed villas, and its tree-lined streets, is extremely picturesque.

To the student of character Saratoga presents a rich field. Here may be seen the old, the young, the grave, the gay;—disease limping on crutches to the healing waters; health quaffing the sparkling goblet, that “cheers,” it may be, but certainly does not “inebriate;”—gray-haired men promenading slowly on the piazza; young men and maidens tripping along the street, and children romping on the lawn in all the joy of budding youth and holidays. Here may be seen men from the north and south;—citizens from New York in trim Parisian fashion, and men from the Southern States in garbs of a more sternly simple character; while various specimens of humanity from the other side of the Atlantic exhibit the peculiar characteristics of their respective nations, in tongue, manner, and costume.

Life at the springs is a perpetual festival. The people dance and drink—drink and dance,—rising early to do the one, and sitting up late to perform the other. During the fashionable season there are frequently as many as two or three thousand arrivals within a week; yet so well prepared are the houses of entertainment and accommodation, that these are put up without difficulty.

Congress Spring is the chief fountain. It was discovered by a hunting party in the summer of 1792, but it was known long before to the Indians, and was held by them in high esteem. It is at the south side of the village, and, at the time of its discovery, issued from a crevice in the rock about fifteen feet from its present position. The waters of this spring are bottled and sent

all over the world. A pipe of about fifteen feet long is sunk into the fountain, and preserves it from extraneous substances.

The analysis of one gallon of the water, containing 231 cubic inches, as given by Dr. Chilton, is as follows:—

Chloride of Sodium, . . .	363.829	grs.
Carbonate of Soda, . . .	7.200	
Carbonate of Lime, . . .	86.143	
Carbonate of Magnesia, . . .	78.621	
Carbonate of Iron,841	
Sulphate of Soda,651	
Iodine of Sodium, and bromide of potasium,	5.920	
Silica,472	
Alumina,321	
	<hr/>	
	543.998	grs.

Carbonic acid, 284.65

Atmospheric air, 5.41

—————
Making 290.06 inches of gaseous contents.

The temperature of the water of this spring, as indicated by Farenheit's thermometer, is 50 degrees; and it never varies from this, summer or winter, at the bottom of the well, whatever the temperature above may be. The taste of the water is not unpleasant. The well is now concealed under the floor of an open colonnade, and the discharge is nearly one gallon per minute. The gas disengages, and breaks from the surface in a multitude of sparkling globules. "Here, before breakfast, creep the few who come to Saratoga for health; and here, before dinner, saunter those who are in need

of a walk, or who wish a tonic for the coming meal. A busy varlet, with a capital of a hooked stick and two tin tumblers, drives a thriving trade here, fishing up the sparkling waters, at a cent a glass, for all comers. When the gentleman has swallowed his proper quantity, he proceeds by a smooth serpentine walk to the summit of a prettily wooded hill, where he may either bask in the sunshine or ramble off to the shade for a little meditation." There is a curious circular railroad close at hand, on which are placed machines capable of being driven or worked forward by those who sit on them. Here the vigorous race with each other and try their muscles. Congress Hall is close to the spring. The colonnade is handsome and very extensive, being supported on pillars.

The *Empire Spring* is situated in the north part of the village. It contains a large quantity of iodine, and scarcely a trace of iron.

Pavilion Fountain is in the rear of the Columbian Hotel. A considerable quantity of free acid escapes from its mouth.

Flat Rock Spring is situated between the High Rock and the Pavilion Springs. It is similar in contents and taste to the Columbian.

The other springs are: *Ellis' Spring*, 2 miles south of Congress Hall. *Putnam's Congress*, nearly opposite the United States Hotel. *Hamilton Spring*, in the rear of Congress Hall, taken as an alterative, and much used for bathing. *Columbian Spring*, not far from the preceding. *Iodine Spring*, near High Rock, at northeast of the village; very free from iron. *Ten Springs*, little more than a mile distant. *Benedict Spring*, 3 miles west of the village. *White Sulphur Spring*, on the east of Saratoga Lake.

Bathing establishments are erected in connection with nearly all of these springs.

Such are the waters which have rendered this place so celebrated. We will now turn from them, and go along with the numerous pleasure parties on their favourite excursion to—

Saratoga Lake. This is a fine sheet of water, of about 9 miles in length and 3 in width, situated between 3 and 4 miles from the springs. There are plenty of fish in its waters,—trout, perch, &c.,—which are an irresistible source of attraction to the anglers residing at Saratoga. From one or two points of view the lake is exceedingly picturesque, but in general its shores are low and marshy,—so much so, indeed, that it is difficult of access except in one or two particular places. On the eastern side of it stands the highest elevation,—a point jutting out into the water, named *Snake Hill*, which rears its modest head to an altitude of about 20 feet.

Saratoga Lake lies about 8 miles west of the Hudson River, into which it pours its waters through the *Fish Creek*. Before entering the lake, this river is known by the unpronounceable name of *Kayaderosseras*.

Everybody goes to see the lake and to dine on its fish, as a matter of course; perhaps, also, to beguile the said fish from their native element. Thousands of visitors annually wander on its wooded shores, and row over its placid waters. In driving out, the change from the gay bustle of Saratoga to the quiet of the woods is striking and agreeable. Our smart vehicle rolls swiftly along over the flat country amid sombre pines, from the openings of which we here and there catch a glimpse of the distant Green Mountains. The scene that greets our eyes as we reach the shore of the lake is picturesque and cheerful. Pic-nic parties are scattered through the

woods and shrubbery, shouting in all the joyousness of holiday life, while the blue surface of the water is alive with boat-loads of fishers and pleasure parties.

The neighbourhood of Saratoga Lake is, moreover, celebrated in history. On Bemus Heights, 8 miles distant, General Bourgoyne surrendered to the Americans under General Gates, on the 17th October 1777,—two actions having previously been fought on the 19th of September.

“There was a gay party on this lake, some six or eight years since, fishing and airing their wit under the auspices of a belle of some fame and authority. The boat had been pulled into water of five or six feet depth, on the eastern side, and the ladies sat at the ends of their rods, about forty yards from the shore, watching their floats, which lay on the surface of the glassy water like sleeping flies,—but, as the old fisherman in the bow could have told them, laughing loud enough to frighten even the eels from their appetites. After several hours’ bobbing without a bite or nibble, the belle above mentioned discovered that her hook was caught at the bottom. She rose in the stern to draw it up more easily; and, all the party leaning over at the same time, she lost her balance, and, in falling overboard, upset the boat! For the first minute it was a scene of terror. The gentlemen were very near drowning the ladies, and the ladies the gentlemen; but the old fisherman, a tall fellow, who knew the ground, and was just within his depth, quietly walked about, picking them up one by one, and giving them a hold of the inverted gunwale, and so pushed them safely to shore, suspended round the boat like herrings on a hoop. Nobody caught cold; other people had caught fish; they dined merrily, and the principal actor in the scene has since been known by the sobriquet of the *Diving Belle*.

“There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake, which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that, if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink. A story is told of an Englishwoman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross the lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the smooth surface of the lake like a shadow. About a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, willing to convince the savages of the weakness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a moment’s pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and, in frowning silence, drove the light bark like an arrow over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, and the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. ‘The Great Spirit is merciful,’ answered the scornful Mohawk. ‘He knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue!’ ”

There is a small pond about two miles from the village in which there are a considerable number of trout. It is a favourite resort of the lovers of angling.

TRENTON FALLS.

Trenton Falls may be easily “done” in a single day ; but they are eminently worthy of a much longer visit. They may be reached from New York by way of the Hudson River to Albany (146 miles), and thence by rail to Utica (95 miles).

There is an excellent house of entertainment on the

edge of the pine forest, close to the brink of the chasm in which the Falls occur. The neighbourhood of Trenton Falls is without doubt one of the favourite, among the favoured, resorts of tourists and pleasure-seekers from all parts of the Union; and well does it merit the admiration of all who love the magnificent and beautiful in nature. The Falls occur on the *West Canada Creek*, and are 15 miles distant from the town of Utica, in the State of New York. This is, says Mr. Willis, "the most *enjoyably beautiful* spot among the resorts of romantic scenery in our country. The remembrance of its loveliness becomes a bright point, to which dream and reverie oftenest return. It seems to be curiously adapted to enjoy, being somehow not only the *kind* but the size of a place which the (after all) *measurable* arms of a mortal heart can hold in its embrace. The creek, which is swollen to a tremendous torrent by rains in the mountain or by the spring thaws, has evidently worn through the strata which now encloses it, and runs at present over a succession of flat platforms, descending by leaps of 40 or 50 feet from one to the other, and forming the most lovely chain of cascades. The walls that shut it in are either perpendicular or overhanging it in broad table ledges; the wild vegetation of the forest above leaning over the chasm with an effect like foliage of a bright translucent green painted on the sky."

West Canada Creek is a branch of the Mohawk River, which flows into the Hudson. Within a distance of two miles the river descends 312 feet, rushing through a deep, dark, narrow chasm, and forming in that short space no less than six magnificent Falls. From the door of the hotel we step immediately into the forest, and in a minute or two reach the bank at the place of descent. There are two paths from the hotel, one leading to the

High Falls, the other to the bottom of the gorge. The latter is preferred. The depth of the gorge, through which the white stream is seen dashing and roaring magnificently, is about 100 feet; and the bottom of the steep bank is easily gained by five successive flights of stairs. At the lowest level we land upon a broad pavement, and here we are in a new world. At our feet the rushing water leaps and hurries past; on either side the cliffs—perpendicular in some places, overhanging in others—shut us in; while the thick foliage bending high overhead well-nigh shuts the blue sky out altogether. Here we have a view of the outlet of the chasm on one hand, and of the first cascade on the other. It is unnecessary to describe minutely every step of the route to the various points of interest, as efficient guides are ready to conduct us, and description, however graphic, can never equal the united power of the tourist's eyes and common sense. We will, therefore, merely give a few general details, useful and interesting, we hope, in reference to the Falls and their locality.

The *First Fall* is 33 feet high. In dry weather it retires behind the projecting rocks, and becomes invisible from this point; but in floods it sweeps in a splendid sheet over the entire cliff from bank to bank. The pathway to this Fall has been cut through the solid rock, which overhangs part of it, and echoes back the roar of the raging rapid below. A chain renders the passage safe. The scene here is extremely wild and impressive; and one part of the bank in particular exhibits from its surface downwards the successive strata of the region. At a short distance we see a confused pile of massive rocks, some of them weighing fully twenty tons, which the periodical floods have thrown over. Enormous masses of rock are frequently swept down the rapids and over

the Falls; and it is said that the thunder of their fall is distinctly heard at the hotel, and that the ground is sometimes felt to vibrate.

Sherman's Fall is reached soon after passing the above. It is named after the Rev. Mr. Sherman, who was the first to draw public attention to these beautiful Falls, and who erected the first inn, named the Rural Resort, for the accommodation of visitors. This Fall is upwards of 33 feet in height. A naked rock, extending 150 feet upwards, juts out, and affords a commanding view-point. It is ascended by natural steps. Thousands of tons of the parapet wall have been torn away by this Fall; and at one point, where the water dashes with peculiar violence, immense slabs are annually being forced off. Above this is a furious rapid, beyond which we come in sight of the—

High Falls. Here “there opens upon us, when the water is low, an expansion of flat rock, where we are suddenly transported, with a full view of the High Falls, forty rods beyond. The eye, elevated at a considerable angle, beholds a perpendicular rock, 100 feet high, extending across the opening in a diagonal line from the mountainous walls on each side, rising 70 or 80 feet still higher. Over this the whole river descends, first perpendicularly about 40 feet, the main body rushing to the left. On the right it pours down in a beautiful white sheet. For a short distance in the middle the rock is left entirely naked, exhibiting a perpendicular and bold breastwork, as though reared by art to divide the beautiful white sheet on the one side from the overwhelming fury of the waters on the other. They unite on a flat below; then, with a tumultuous foam, veer suddenly down an inclination of rocky steps, whence the whole river is precipitated into a wide, deep, and dark

basin, 40 feet beneath,—mountainous walls rising on each side of the stream nearly 200 feet, tall hemlocks and bending cedars extending their branches on the verge above, and small shrubbery variegating here and there their stupendous and naked sides.”

Close at hand, a flight of stairs leads up to the *Rural Retreat*, a house of refreshment, at which most visitors will gladly rest a while after the somewhat rugged clamber along the margin of this splendid river. The style of scenery above this point alters considerably. The next Fall is called the *Mill Dam*, on account of the straightness of the ledge over which it plunges. It is 14 feet high, and falls in a broad sheet from side to side of the chasm. Above this there is a wider platform of level rock, lined on each side with cedars. This spot is known as the *Alhambra*. At its extremity rises a bare rock, 50 feet high, from the top of which a silver rill descends, contrasting pleasantly with the wild cataract on the left. Beyond this is the *Rocky Heart*, and further still, the Falls at *Boon's Bridge*,—the termination of the gorge; but the way to it is both difficult and dangerous, though very grand and romantic. Adventurous ladies have sometimes penetrated to the latter point.

There is no fishing at Trenton Falls, and very little is to be had in the way of hunting. But the lover of the picturesque and the sublime in scenery will not be disappointed; and the geologist will find an ample field for research in the strata cut through by the river, and the fossil organic remains with which the neighbourhood abounds.

VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

Of all the States in the Union, Virginia stands pre-eminent for its early and romantic historical associations;

for the proud part it has taken in all the struggles—political and otherwise—since the days of the great queen in honour of whom it was named, to the present time; and for the number of great men it has given to the nation,—men whose names will shine on the page of history while the world exists,—and foremost among which stands the immortal name of Washington. Virginia is also celebrated for the beauty of its scenery and for the great number and variety of its valuable medicinal springs. These are so numerous that our space forbids a lengthened detail of each. To intending visitors, a brief account of leading points and facts will be sufficient.

The air of the mountains is salubrious and agreeable, and the springs are visited by thousands of tourists and invalids every year. No State in the confederacy presents a greater variety of surface than Virginia, from the rugged mountains and rich valleys of the interior to the sandy flats of the sea-coast. The highest land in the State, *White Top*, is 6000 feet above the sea. The springs are situated amid the picturesque wilds of the mountains in the central counties,—between the Blue Ridge on the east, and the Alleghany range on the west. There are about twenty of them, all more or less celebrated,—the *White Sulphur Spring* of Greenbrier county being the chief.

The routes to these springs are innumerable. We can only mention one,—namely, that from New York, by rail and steamboat, passing through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, and Staunton, and extending over about 380 miles. Staunton is 17 miles distant from Weir's Cave,—one of the celebrated points of the district. In approaching the springs by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, we reach the far-famed pas-

sage of the Potomac River through the Blue Ridge Mountains at—

Harper's Ferry, about 82 miles from Baltimore. Of this beautiful spot Jefferson says, that it is "one of the most stupendous scenes in nature, and well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness." There are hundreds of other beautiful and interesting objects passed on our journey which we cannot particularize. Supposing that the tourist has reached Staunton, let us go visit—

Weir's Cave. It is a most wonderful cavern, second only to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It is situated in the county of Augusta, and was discovered in 1804 by Bernard Weyer, while he was in pursuit of a wild animal that sought shelter within it. In length it exceeds 2000 feet, and the chambers and passages are remarkable for their variety of form, altitude, and picturesque appearance. Profound darkness broods over these silent halls. In one chamber there is a formation which resembles a gigantic statue, which bears the name of the Nation's Hero; but the formations are innumerable, and assume every appearance, while the vastness of the dark vault overhead is only rendered apparent by torches, which render visible, but cannot pierce or dispel, the deep obscurity. All who visit the cavern speak of it as being grand and sublime beyond description.

Madison's Cave is quite close to the above, and, though not so large, is well worth visiting; about 300 feet deep and 50 high. *Blowing Cave* is another cavern of Virginia which deserves notice. It is on the stage between the Rockbridge and Bath Alum Springs, near to the village of Milboro'.

The *White Sulphur Springs* are the most celebrated. They are in the heart of the spring district, situated

in Greenbrier county, near the base of the Alleghany range, in a romantic valley surrounded by lofty and picturesque hills. The accommodation for guests is excellent, and the waters are considered to be most beneficial to invalids—especially those afflicted with rheumatism. They were first used in 1778, and the waters contain lime, magnesia, soda, iron, sulphur, and iodine, besides being strongly impregnated with carbonic and nitrogen gases ; and the complaints which they are said to cure are innumerable. The health-giving effects of the pure air and enchanting scenery are indisputable.

The *Blue Sulphur Spring*, 22 miles west of the White Sulphur, and on the turnpike road to Guyandotte on the Ohio, is also a favourite and beautifully situated spring. This resort is reached by stage from Staunton, *via*—

The *Natural Bridge*, in Rockbridge county. This bridge is the greatest of the Virginia celebrities, and may well be regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It is 63 miles from the White Sulphur Springs, and 53 from Staunton, *via* Lexington. From Lynchburg,—which is reached by rail from Richmond,—it is 36 miles distant by stage. It is 14 miles distant from Lexington ; and the road to it from that place is so execrable that it has been entitled “purgatory.” The bridge consists of an enormous mass of limestone rock, which extends from bank to bank, and overhangs the bed of Cedar Creek, which is more than 200 feet below the surface of the plain. The sides of the enormous chasm are almost perpendicular, and composed of solid rock. High up on this rock the name of *Washington* is engraven, carved by the hero’s own hand. The middle of the arch is 45 feet thick. It is 210 feet high, and varies from 60 to 90 feet in width. The highway passes over the bridge,

and a good deal of shrubbery grows on its summit. The finest view of it is to be had about 60 yards below, close to the creek. The view immediately under the arch is also very fine. A graphic writer says of this bridge, "The first sensation of the beholder is one of double astonishment; first, at the absolute sublimity of the scene; next, at the total inadequacy of the descriptions he has read, and the pictures he has seen, to produce in his mind the faintest idea of the reality." This opinion is a sufficient excuse for our refraining from any attempt at description. We will conclude in the words of the same writer: "You never saw its like before, and never will you look upon its like again." There are also interesting caverns and cliffs in the vicinity of the Natural Bridge, in regard to which full directions may be obtained at the inn.

The *Peaks of Otter* are in the county of Bedford, 35 miles from Lynchburg,—from which place we travel by stage,—and 10 miles from the village of Liberty. These celebrated Peaks are the highest summits of the Blue Ridge; the principal one is about 5300 feet above the level of the sea. The Peaks are two miles apart; that to the south is most frequently visited. The views from the Peaks of Otter are sublime, and we cannot too strongly recommend tourists to ascend one or both of them.

The following is a *brief summary* of the remaining springs and objects of interest in Virginia. The *Salt Sulphur Springs* are 24 miles from the White Sulphur, in Monroe county, beautifully situated among the mountains. They are three in number. The *Red Sulphur Springs*, also in Monroe county, are 17 miles from the Salt, and 42 from the White Sulphur. The *Sweet Springs* are 17 miles from the White Sulphur, and

have been longer known than any of the others. They are in a beautiful valley, and are, perhaps, the most fashionable of all the springs. The *Red Sweet Springs* are a mile from the Sweet. In their neighbourhood are the Beaver-dam Falls,—much admired; *Capon Springs*, in Hampshire county. The *Ice Mountain* is a point of attraction here. Ice is found on the west side all the summer through. From this spring may also be visited *Candy's Castle*, and the *Tea Table*, and the *Hanging Rocks*; the *Berkley Springs*, in Morgan county; *Shannondale*, in Jefferson; *White Sulphur*, in Fauquier; *Rawleys*, in Rockingham; *Augusta*, in Augusta county, near which are the celebrated *Cyclopean Towers*, 80 feet high; *Bath, Alum, and Hot Springs*, in Bath; *Alum*, in Rockbridge; *Dibbrell's*, in Botetourt; and *White Sulphur*, in Grayson county.

There are many other springs in Virginia, which it would be endless to mention. The above are the chief. All of them are remarkable for the extreme beauty of the scenery in which they are situated, the valuable qualities of their waters, and the excellence of the hotel and lodging accommodation, while railroads run to many of them, and *near* to all of them.

The Objects of Interest which yet remain to be enumerated are briefly as follows:—The *White Top Mountain*, in Grayson county; the *Buffalo Knob*, in Floyd county; the *Natural Tunnel*, in Scott county; *Peak Knob* and *Glass Windows*, in Pulaski county; the *Hawk's Nest*, on New River, in Fayette county; the *Falls of the Potomac*, a few miles above George Town, in the district of Columbia; and the *Salt Pond*, on a mountain top in Giles county. Of these the *Hawk's Nest* is, perhaps, the greatest curiosity. It is nine miles from the White Sulphur Springs, where there is a per-

pendicular cliff of 1000 feet high, which, Miss Martineau declares, produced a greater effect on her mind than Niagara itself!

Old Point Comfort is a favourite southern watering-place in Virginia, at the entrance of Hampton Roads, on James River. There is a first-rate beach for bathing, and every accommodation and comfort that man can desire.

WEST POINT.

This is one of the most beautiful and attractive spots on the Hudson River, and the seat of the most celebrated Military School. It is situated in the State of New York, and is surrounded by historical associations. The Academy occupies a plateau 190 feet above the river, and the noble hills were fortified during the war, as the picturesque ruins still attest. West Point was the key of the river during the Revolution, and it was the head-quarters of Washington, Putnam, Kosciusko, and the traitor Arnold.

Being situated within 53 miles of the city of New York, in the midst of the romantic scenery of the "Hudson Highlands," West Point is annually resorted to by thousands of tourists and lovers of fine scenery. The ruins of the old forts, Putnam, Chirton, Webb, and Wylly's, still exist; and there is a sweet glen below the Parade Ground called "*Kosciusko's Garden*," in which there is an obelisk, erected to the memory of the brave Pole.

A first-rate hotel affords the visitor every accommodation he may require.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The White Mountain district has been appropriately styled the "Switzerland of America." It is situated in New Hampshire, in the northern part of the State, and

between 70 and 80 miles distant from the sea. There are several groups or clusters of mountains, but the name of White Mountains belongs properly to the central group—from 14 to 20 miles in extent—which forms the great source of attraction to tourists, and of which Mount Washington is the highest, being 6226 feet above the level of the sea. Those in the west are known as the *Franconia Mountains*. The whole range covers an area of about 40 square miles; and the scenery around is of the grandest and most romantic character that can be imagined, affording subjects for study, wonder, and admiration, to all classes of minds; and presenting every variety of feature, from the soft and peaceful to the wildest and most savagely sterile.

The Routes to the mountains are so numerous that it is impossible to detail them all here. One favourite approach is by rail from *Portland*, a distance of about 90 miles. Another is from New York, *via* the Hudson, to Albany; proceeding thence by rail to Lake Champlain, and so on to *Burlington*, whence we travel to our destination by rail. We may also approach from *Portsmouth*; by which route we pass the vicinity of several picturesque lakes, the largest and most beautiful of these is *Winnipiseogee* Lake. But let the traveller take what route he will, he cannot fail to be charmed with the exquisite scenery through which he shall pass. The distance from New York is about 430 miles; from Boston 170 miles. We will suppose, then, that the White Mountains have been reached.

Hotels.—As the indispensable comforts of food and lodging naturally claim our attention at the end of a journey, we will begin with the houses of entertainment for man and horse that open their hospitable doors on our arrival.

Mount Washington House is a first-rate hotel, capable of accommodating a hundred guests, and situated about four miles distant from the *Notch*, a curious gorge, which is one of the lions of the White Mountains. This hotel is also nine miles distant from the top of Mount Washington, which every one who is able ascends. The *Notch House* occupies a romantic and extremely wild position at the head of the Saco River. It is also nine miles from the top of Mount Washington, and is a favourite resort. The *Willey House* stands in a narrow valley between stupendous mountains, about two miles below the Notch. In 1826 a terrible slide occurred here, which overwhelmed the whole Willey family, consisting of nine persons. The building was left uninjured. *Mount Crawford House* is situated in the wild valley of the Saco River, eight miles below the Notch. It is about ten miles distant from the summit of Mount Washington, and Mount Crawford is close beside it. The Crawford family is a famous one in the annals of the mountains. They dwelt in these rugged solitudes long before travellers dared to penetrate their mysterious depths. They were the first who opened their doors as hosts. They were of gigantic stature; and one of them, Ethan Allen Crawford, became known as the "giant of the hills." The *Glen House* is also a first-rate one in the centre of the mountain district.

The Heights of the Mountains are as follows:—Mount Washington, 6226 feet above the sea-level; Mount Adams, 5759 feet; Mount Jefferson, 5657 feet; Mount Madison, 5415 feet; Mount Monroe, 5349 feet; Mount Franklin, 4850 feet; Mount Pleasant, 4715 feet; Mount Clinton, 4383 feet. There are many other peaks of less note. The ascent of these mountains is neither difficult nor dangerous, although, of course, rather

fatiguing; and Mount Washington, the highest, can be ascended to within a few feet of the top on horse-back.

The White Mountains are the highest in the United States east of the Mississippi, with the exception of the Black Mountain in North Carolina; and although nearly 80 miles inland, their snowy peaks are seen from a great distance out at sea. There is an ancient tradition among the Indians of this region, that the earth was long ago overwhelmed in a deluge, in which every human being was drowned except one man and his wife, who found safety among these towering hills, and preserved the species.

Enterprising tourists will find savage wilds and romantic solitudes enough here to occupy all their time, however long they may feel inclined to remain. The points of interest are innumerable; and all that we can attempt to do here is to indicate briefly those "lions" of the district which tourists generally visit.

The Notch. This is a notch of Nature's own cutting, and one which forms a magnificent and appropriate gateway to the White Mountains. It is a narrow gorge or defile of about two miles in extent, between two frowning cliffs which seem to have been rent asunder. The head of the Saco River passes through it, and the road from Littleton to Portland has been with difficulty formed along its margin. The eastern entrance to this chasm is formed by two perpendicular rocks about twenty-two feet apart, and the scenery is impressively grand. The mountains which form the walls of the pass tower to a height of 2000 feet on either side. It was here that the Willey family was destroyed by a land-slip in 1826. They had retired for the night, when an unusual noise in the mountains startled them. It increased, and

the unfortunate family abandoned the house in terror. "A vast mass of earth and rocks, disengaged from the precipices above them, suddenly rushed down the side of the mountain, and, sweeping everything before it, divided in the rear of the house, reunited again, leaving it unharmed, and thundered down to the valley, overwhelming the fugitive family in its career."

The *Silver Cascade* is perhaps the most beautiful among the many lovely falls in the White Mountains. It is situated in the "Notch," but, like most mountain cataracts, must be visited after heavy rain to be seen to advantage.

"The stream is scanty, but its course from among the deep forest, whence its springs issue into light, is one of singular beauty. Buried beneath the lofty precipices of the gorge, after ascending towards *Pulpit Rock*, by the side of the turbulent torrent of the Saco, the ear is suddenly saluted by the soft dashings of this sweetest of cascades; and a glance upward reveals its silver streams issuing from the loftiest crests of the mountain, and leaping from crag to crag. It is a beautiful vision in the midst of the wildest and most dreary scenery." The *Flume* is another beautiful cascade further down the Notch. Our Engraving presents a good view of the *Silver Cascade* and *Pulpit Rock*.

Pulpit Rock. Like many other scenes and objects in nature, this rock does not merit its name. The resemblance to a pulpit must have been in the fancy of him who originally named it,—unless, indeed, the rock, or some part of it, may have served the purpose of a pulpit in the early times of the Puritans.

The *Devil's Den* is just opposite the Silver Cascade, near the top of Mount Willard. It is a mysterious-looking cavern.

Ascent of Mount Washington. This is one of the

chief excursions, and will amply repay the tourist by the varied and beautiful scenery through which he will have to pass, and by the sublime view from the summit. To describe the route step by step would be useless; the guides will conduct you safely. Of course, travellers have different experiences in this excursion. The following quotations from Willis gives the experience of a traveller on two different occasions:—

“The morning opened with every symptom of a fine day for the ascent. Before we came to the Peak of Clinton, however, a thick mist had swept over the mountains, which grew heavier and heavier; a strong wind with violent rain came on; the storm increased, and the cold became every moment more intense. In four hours we reached the summit, thoroughly drenched, and stiff as icicles. The rain beat across the Peak with tremendous force, and it was with difficulty we could stand. Below us was a sea of mist, around us a howling tempest, and our only resource was to seek the shelter of a rock, and seek consolation in the guide’s knapsack.”

This dark side of the picture is relieved by the success of another expedition, on which the same writer reached the top of Mount Washington in fine weather. He says: “The light streamed down through breaks in the clouds on the scenery below, in such masses, and in such a manner, as to bring out fully and distinctly all the leading points in the immeasurable panorama. Far below us lay, on one side, Mounts Clinton, Pleasant, Munroe, and Franklin; on the other, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison. On the east and west, openings were visible, through which several rivers, taking their rise in the mountains, wound their way and widened their valleys toward the lowlands. Far in the distance, chains of

hills and mountains, distinct in outline and beautiful in form, arose on all sides ; and these were overtopped by others beyond, whose blue summits mingled with the sky, and shut in the overpowering scene." The entire excursion requires a long day for its accomplishment. There is a small house on the top of Mount Washington, in which we may spend the night if so disposed.

The *Lake of the Clouds* is a beautifully clear pond, near the top of Mount Monroe, which we pass on the way to the top of Mount Washington, from the Washington House. It supplies the head streams of the *Ammonoosuck River*, which abounds in rapids and falls, as it flows towards its junction with the Connecticut River.

Oakes Gulf is a dark abyss, seen far down on the right as we ascend Mount Monroe. The *Great Gulf* is another abyss, which descends from near the summit of Mount Washington for 2000 feet, abrupt and rugged.

Tuckerman's Ravine is another remarkably savage place, seen in the ascent from Mount Crawford House. It is filled with deep snow, through which a stream excavates a deep and yawning chasm every season.

The *Crystal Cascade* is about 3 miles from the Glen House, in a secluded valley. It is a romantic spot, and the whole of the locality around the Glen House is exceedingly wild and picturesque,—offering to the adventurous many dark regions that have scarcely ever been explored. The Fall is 80 feet, having a broken descent.

Glen Ellis Fall is another wild cascade, on the east side of the mountain, which will well repay a visit.

Of the *Franconia Hills* much might be said. There is a great deal that is beautiful and grand to be seen here. The points and objects of chief interest are,—Mount *Lafayette*, 5200 feet ; *Cannon Mount*, 4000 feet ; *Profile Rock*, or the *Old Man Mountain*, having

a visage 80 feet long; *Profile Lake* and *Echo Lake*,—the latter a most exquisite little pond, with a remarkable echo near it; the *Flume*, a very curious spot, where an immense boulder hangs suspended between two cliffs, where it has been caught in falling from the mountains above; the *Pool* is a curious natural well, 190 feet deep, the water at the bottom being 40 feet deep.

The *Notch* is 71 miles from Concord, and is formed by the mountain named *Lafayette*. The *Lafayette House* is situated in the Notch.

The scenery here is quite magnificent. The precipices rise to the height of several thousand feet, and the effect of the gigantic cliffs fills the mind of the beholder with awe.

The ascent of Mount Lafayette is by a bridle-path, of about three miles in extent,—from the hotel to the summit, and the view from the top is very fine.

Beautiful little lakes are scattered throughout the Franconia range, giving an additional charm and brilliancy to the scenery. The mountains are thickly wooded a considerable way up their sides, but the tops are generally naked and tempest-worn. The *Basin* is a curious pool, from which flow several beautiful cascades. It is five miles south of the Notch.

Such are the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and they are considered, in point of interest, second only to the great cataract of Niagara.

PART II.

THE summer resorts mentioned in the following pages, being of second-rate importance compared with those which form the body of this book, are necessarily detailed in brief. Many of them, from the extreme beauty of their scenery and the great value of their medicinal waters, merit a more lengthened notice than our limited space will permit of. Suffice it to say, that all of them are annually visited by crowds of tourists, and travellers in search of health; nearly all of them afford excellent accommodation of every kind; most of them are easy of access; and all are well worthy of being visited if one chances to be in their neighbourhood, while many of them will repay a special visit.

Absecom Beach, New Jersey, a favourite watering-place, with good accommodation. Railroad to Camden.

Adirondack Mountains, New York, west of Lake Champlain. A splendid country for sportsmen. Highest peak, 5460 feet. The wild, picturesque, and beautiful spots, to be found in the midst of these grand hills, are innumerable. They are a favourite resort of energetic tourists.

Aiken, South Carolina, a pleasant mountain resort, 120 miles from Charleston.

Alton Bay, New Hampshire, on Lake Winnipiseogee. Charming scenery in the vicinity. Rail from Boston.

Arkansas Hot Springs. Much frequented. Bathing establishments numerous. In Pike county there is a wonderful alabaster mountain and a remarkable natural bridge. Accessible from the sea by the Mississippi.

Avon Springs, New York, 20 miles from Rochester. Good hotels. — Much frequented.

Ballston Spa, New York, six miles from Saratoga Springs. Celebrated springs.

Bath, Long Island, eight miles from New York. Excellent sea-bathing.

Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania. In a beautiful valley. Reached by railroad and stage (104 miles) from Harrisburg.

Bellows' Falls, Vermont, on the Connecticut River. Fine scenery.

Black Mountain, North Carolina, 6476 feet high, 30 miles from Morgantown. Thickly covered with laurels, and difficult to ascend. Much visited.

Bladon Springs, Alabama, near Ohio Railroad, a fashionable resort.

Blount's Springs, Alabama, a favourite watering-place.

Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky. Celebrated and much frequented.

Boothbay, Maine, 24 miles from Bath. Good sea-bathing. Rail or steamer from Portland.

Brandywine Springs, Delaware, five miles from Wilmington. Much resorted to. Reached by rail and stage from Philadelphia.

Cape Ann, Massachusetts, a good sea-bathing place.

Cape Elizabeth, Maine, a fashionable sea-side resort near Portland.

Chelsea Beach, Massachusetts, a fashionable watering-place, five miles from Boston.

Chesapeake Bay, Maryland, a favourite resort, affording excellent sport in the way of fishing and shooting. Canvass back ducks are found in great numbers in the spring and fall.

Clarendon Spring, Vermont. Fine mountain scenery, and a good inn. Near the Western Vermont Railroad.

Clifton Falls, Ohio, a picturesque cascade, near the village of Clifton, on the Miami River. About 50 feet fall.

Clifton Springs, New York. Beautifully situated, 44 miles from Rochester, on the Auburn and Rochester Railway.

Cohasset, Massachusetts, 22 miles from Boston, a pleasant watering-place, much frequented.

Columbia Springs, New York, four miles from Hudson, amid romantic scenery.

Coney Island, New York, a celebrated sea-side resort,

10 miles distant from the city of New York, much frequented.

Cooper's Wells, Mississippi, a pleasant resort, 12 miles from Jackson, and reached by rail and stage from Vicksburg.

Crawford's Sulphur Springs, Ohio, a few miles from Bucyrus.

Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee. Wild and beautiful. Not much visited, owing to difficulty of access. Curious caves and mineral springs exist here.

Delaware Springs, Ohio, much frequented by invalids.

Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania, a celebrated ravine in the Kittatinny Mountains, 1600 feet deep, through which runs the Delaware River. Much visited during summer, and easily reached from New York and Philadelphia.

Drennon Springs, Kentucky. The vicinity of the springs very beautiful. Much resorted to. They are salt sulphur, and may be reached by steamboat from Louisville.

Esculapia Springs, Kentucky, in a beautiful valley of Louis county.

Fox Springs, Kentucky, in Fleming county. Of some celebrity.

Ginger Cake Rock, North Carolina, is a curious pile on the top of Ginger Cake Mountain. It is in the shape of an inverted pyramid, 29 feet high, on the top of which is a flat stone, 32 feet long by 2 feet thick. It projects so far beyond the pyramid, that it seems just ready to fall. The view from this point is very fine. *Table Rock* is five miles distant.

Glenn's Spring, South Carolina, a watering-place of some repute.

Gloucester Harbour, Massachusetts, a rising watering-place, 32 miles from Boston by water, 28 by rail.

Green Mountains, Vermont. This splendid mountain range extends from near New Haven, in Connecticut, northward through Massachusetts and Vermont into Canada. The Green Mountains are second only to the White Mountains of New Hampshire; and the beautiful, picturesque, and magnificent localities in the midst of them, are innumer-

able. The highest peaks are, Mansfield, Camel's Hump, Connell's Peak, and several others. There is no other part of the Union that affords a greater variety of choice in scenery than the lovely hills and valleys of Vermont.

Guildford Point, Connecticut, a summer resort, 15 miles from New Haven.

Hadley Falls, New York, on the Hudson River—also called the Great Falls—16 miles from Saratoga Springs. Very splendid. Sixty feet high.

Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, a celebrated and much frequented watering-place. Good sea fishing near the *Great Boar's Head*, a curious promontory, jutting out into the sea. Twelve miles distant from Portsmouth.

Harrodsburg Springs, Kentucky, a famous summer resort, and the oldest settlement in Kentucky, 30 miles below Frankfort.

Hingham, Massachusetts, 17 miles from Boston, from which steamboats run regularly. May be reached also by railway.

Hopkinton Springs, Massachusetts, 30 miles from Boston by rail. Much frequented. There is fishing in Whitehall Pond in the neighbourhood.

Hull, Massachusetts, a well known sea-bathing place, about 10 miles from Boston.

Indian Springs, Georgia, a favourite watering-place, about 53 miles from Milledgeville, and reached by the Macon and Western Railroad.

Isles of Shoals, New Hampshire, a cluster of small islands near the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour; some of which have excellent beaches for bathers, and good hotels.

Ithaca Falls, New York, near the town of Ithaca, at the head of Cayuga Lake. The scenery here is very beautiful. Fall Creek, Six-Mile Creek, and Cascadilla, are streams noted for the number and beauty of their cascades. The whole neighbourhood is rich in pleasant and wild spots wherein to ramble and explore.

Lake Pepin, Wisconsin, nearly 80 miles from St. Paul's,

one of the most beautiful parts of the Mississippi, of which it is an enlargement. Can be reached by way of the Great Lakes.

Lake Winnipiseogee, New Hampshire. Decidedly the finest lake of New Hampshire, 23 miles long by 10 broad. The waters are pure and very deep, and the surrounding mountain scenery is exquisitely beautiful. Flourishing towns and villages stud the shores, and a great number of steamers and small craft ply a brisk trade on the water. The islands are numerous, and there are large quantities of excellent trout in the lake. This is a very favourite summer resort, and deservedly so. May be reached by railroad from Boston or New York.

Lehigh Water Gap, Pennsylvania, a wild gorge in the Kittatinny Mountains, much frequented by tourists.

Lettonian Springs, Kentucky, not far from Cincinnati. Much frequented.

Lewes, Delaware, 20 miles from Cape May. Becoming a popular sea-side resort.

Little Falls of the Hudson, New York, near the village of Luzerne. These falls are much frequented in summer. They are very beautiful, and the surrounding scenery picturesque.

Long Branch, New Jersey, 33 miles from New York. Reached by steamer. Besides being a first-rate sea-bathing resort, there is much to interest in the immediate neighbourhood—Tinton Falls, &c.

Long Island, New York. This is a celebrated island, and its shores are a famous summer resort of the citizens of New York. It is separated from the city by a strait less than a mile in width, called East River. Long Island is about 115 miles in length, and its breadth is about 20 miles. The coasts are indented with numerous bays and inlets, two of which, at the eastern extremity of the island, extend 30 miles inland. The soil is fertile and highly cultivated. The land has no great elevation; and it is traversed, almost throughout its entire length, by a railroad. The towns and villages to which

people flock in summer in search of health and sport are innumerable. The south shore, facing the Atlantic, is much frequented by sportsmen and wild-fowl, of which latter there are countless numbers.

Mackinac, Michigan. This is one of the most romantic and delightful summer resorts in the States. It is situated on an island in the Strait of Mackinac, which separates Lake Michigan from Lake Huron; and, from the purity of its air, the beauty of its scenery, and the interesting natural objects in its neighbourhood, it is justly celebrated and much frequented during the summer season. The *Arched Rock*, 200 feet high; the *Cave of Skulls*, and the *Needles*, are a few of the chief objects of attraction on this picturesque island, which is about nine miles in circumference. Here too, may still be seen the red men of the forest.

Maddison Springs, Georgia, near Danielsville. The water are impregnated with iron. Much resorted to.

Manchester Alum Springs, Tennessee, an agreeable resort close to Manchester, where good hunting and fishing may be had.

Mansfield Mountain, Vermont. The view of Lakes George and Champlain and the surrounding scenery, from the summit, is magnificent, and the neighbourhood is much frequented. Twenty miles from Burlington.

Massena Springs, New York, on the Racket River, which empties into the St. Lawrence.

Missouri Falls, Nebraska. The Great Falls of the Missouri are about 600 miles below the source of that noble stream, and they are considered little inferior to Niagara, while the scenery is much wilder and grander. The river is very swift at the falls, the descent being 357 feet in 17 miles. The respective heights of the falls, beginning with the *upper*, are 26, 27, 19, and 87 feet.

Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts. A splendid view from the top. The neighbourhood is much visited.

Nantasket Beach, Massachusetts, 12 miles from Boston. Famed for its fine sands, beautiful shell-fish, and sea-fowl.

Nantucket, Massachusetts, an island, the eastern extremity of which is a favourite summer retreat.

New Lebanon Springs, New York, 25 miles from Albany. This favourite spa is situated on the slope of a hill overlooking one of the most beautiful valleys in the State. There is a water-cure establishment here; and, at two miles distance, a settlement of Shakers, whose remarkable form of worship attracts much attention.

New London, Connecticut, a watering-place of some repute.

Norridgewock Falls, Maine. These falls are on the Kennebec River, about 20 feet high, and very picturesque. The neighbourhood is very agreeable.

Norwalk, Connecticut, a pleasant summer resort, 44 miles from New York, on the Norwalk River.

Oak Orchard Springs, New York, 20 miles distant from Lockport. Of some celebrity.

Ocean Springs, Mississippi, near the coast of the gulf. A pleasant sea-bathing resort.

Old Orchard Beach, Maine, 16 miles from Portland. A fine beach for sea-bathing. Scenery very pretty. Lower falls of the Saco River to be seen.

Otter Creek Falls, Vermont, about seven miles from Lake Champlain. Thirty-seven feet fall. Elgin Springs in the neighbourhood.

Paroquet Springs, Kentucky, near Shepherdsville, and much frequented.

Passaic Falls, New Jersey, 16 miles from New York, on the route of the Erie Railway, near the town of Paterson. Sixty feet fall.

Pascagoula, Mississippi, on the Gulf of Mexico, a favourite watering-place.

Pass Christian, Mississippi, a watering-place on the Gulf of Mexico.

Philips Beach, Massachusetts, a favourite watering-place 12 miles from Boston.

Pigeon Spring, Indiana, near Evansville, on Pigeon Creek,

a tributary of the Ohio. A popular watering-place, lately discovered.

Plymouth, Massachusetts, the oldest town in New England, and celebrated as being the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed from the *Mayflower* in 1620. Thirty-seven miles from Boston, and may be reached by railway. *Plymouth Rock*, of immortal memory, whereon the Fathers landed, lies at the head of Hedge's Wharf. Pilgrims' Hall contains many interesting relics.

Poplar Mountain Springs, Kentucky, situated on the top of the mountain, and surrounded by magnificent scenery.

Portage Falls, New York, on the Genesee River, in the town of Portage. There are three falls, 60, 90, and 110 feet, respectively. The gorge through which the river flows is stupendous.

Portland, Maine, on Casco Bay, a pleasant summer resort. There are many delightful spots near it.

Potamac Falls, Virginia. The falls of the River Potamac are numerous, and some of them very grand. The river is navigable to Washington, 300 miles from the sea. Three miles above this are the Little Falls, having a descent of 37 feet. Nine miles higher up are the Great Falls—76 feet fall. Six miles higher are Seneca Falls—10 feet fall. Shenandoah Falls, and Hornes Falls, are about 60 miles higher up, at the Blue Ridge. All of these obstructions are passed by means of canals. The falls at the Blue Ridge are the grandest.

Richfield Springs, New York, 80 miles from Albany, in Ostego county, near Canaderoga Lake. In much repute.

Roan Mountain, North Carolina, about 6040 feet high, 36 miles from Morgantown. The neighbourhood is a pleasant summer resort.

Rockport, Massachusetts, a much frequented watering-place a few miles from Gloucester Harbour.

Rosendale Springs, New York, near the high falls of the Rondout.

Rowland's Springs, Georgia. Becoming very popular, and situated about six miles from Cartersville.

Rye Beach, New Hampshire, an extensive beach lying a few miles to the eastward of Portsmouth.

Sachem's Head, Connecticut, a watering-place 16 miles from New Haven.

Salmon River Falls, New York. Very curious, and much frequented by anglers. The falls descend 108 feet perpendicularly, and are 250 feet wide. At low water the fall is narrowed to half that extent.

Saranac Lakes, New York, in the midst of the wild scenery of the Adirondack range. Splendid hunting and fishing here. Easily reached from Port Kent, on Lake Champlain.

Savin's Rock, Connecticut, a watering-place near New Haven.

Schooley's Mountain, New Jersey. There is a mineral spring here which is much frequented. The neighbourhood is very agreeable. Budd's Lake, on the mountain, seven miles from the hotel, is a point of attraction, and affords good fishing.

Sharon Springs, New York, about eight miles from the banks of the Mohawk River, and 55 miles from Albany. These springs are a favourite summer resort, and are easily and speedily reached from New York by steamboat to Albany, and thence by rail and plank-road. The Pavilion is the best hotel, and the view from it is very fine.

St. Anthony Falls, Minnesota. These falls are very grand, and well worthy of a visit. Their remote situation, however, is against their being so much frequented as they deserve. Reached by steamboats on the Mississippi. They are about 10 miles above St. Paul's, and their perpendicular height is about 30 feet. The rapids above and below them are very grand. Good accommodation in the neighbourhood.

Stone Mountain, Georgia, in De Kalb county, and close to the Georgia Railway. This curious rock of granite is 1000 feet high, and there is a tower on the summit 180 feet high. Much visited.

Sulphur Springs, Georgia. Much frequented. About six miles from Gainesville.

Table Mountain, South Carolina. A place of much resort, and has good accommodation. *Cæsar's Head* in the vicinity is also much visited.

Tallulah Falls and Rapids, Georgia. These are very magnificent. The total descent of the river, in a variety of falls and rapids within a mile, is about 350 feet, and the walls of the ravine are stupendous.

Towaliga Falls, Georgia, in Monroe county. Very fine and varied.

Wachusett Mountain, Massachusetts, the highest in the State, being 2018 feet above the sea. A magnificent view from the top.

Warm Springs, North Carolina, about 30 miles from Raleigh, on the banks of French Broad River. Romantic scenery, and good accommodation.

Warm Springs, Georgia. Celebrated and curious. About 36 miles from Columbus. Accommodation excellent. The fountain delivers 1400 gallons per minute.

Wells Beach, Maine, a delightful sea-bathing resort, near the village of Wells, where there is good accommodation.

Western Saratoga Springs, Illinois. Growing in repute. In Union county, and near the Illinois Central Railway.

White Sulphur Spring, Ohio. A favourite watering-place 18 miles from Columbus. Beautiful scenery in the vicinity.

Winooski Falls, Vermont. These are very romantic and numerous; on the Winooski River, which enters Lake Champlain a few miles north of Burlington.

Yellow Springs, Pennsylvania, in Chester county. Very beautiful scenery. Much frequented.

Yellow Springs, Ohio, on the Little Miami River in Greene county. A place of some resort during the summer season.



THE

FALLS OF NIAGARA:

BEING

A Complete Guide to all the Points of
Interest around and in the Immediate Neighbourhood
of the Great Cataract.

WITH

VIEWS TAKEN FROM SKETCHES BY WASHINGTON FRIEND, ESQ.,
AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

T. NELSON & SONS, LONDON, EDINBURGH, & NEW YORK.
TORONTO: JAMES CAMPBELL.

MDCCCLIX.

C

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THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Falls of Niagara may justly be classed among the wonders of the world. They are the pride of America, unequalled in grandeur, magnitude, and magnificence, by any other known cataract ; and have, since they were discovered, exerted an attractive influence over millions of the human race, who have flocked thither year after year to gaze upon that tumultuous crash of water with feelings of the deepest solemnity. The power and majesty of the Almighty are, perhaps, more awfully exhibited and more fully realized in this stupendous waterfall than in any other scene on earth.

In the following pages we shall attempt to guide the traveller to the various points whence the finest views of the Falls may be obtained, and, thereafter, conduct him to the spots of peculiar interest in their neighbourhood.

The great lakes of North America—Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie—pour the flood of their accumulated waters into Lake Ontario through a channel of about 36 miles in length. This channel is named the Niagara River, and is part of the boundary between Canada and the state of New York. Twenty-two miles below its commencement at Lake Erie occur the famous Falls of Niagara. These Falls are divided into two by Iris or Goat Island. The American Falls are 900 feet wide, by 163 feet high. The Horse-Shoe or Canadian Fall is 2000 feet wide, and 154 feet high. The origin of the name is uncertain, but it is supposed to be of Iroquois extraction, and to signify the “Thunder of Waters.” The roar of the Falls is sometimes heard at a great distance, but of course it is constantly modified by the direction and strength of the wind. Over this magnificent precipice the irresistible tide rushes at the rate of 100 million tons of water every hour! It is computed that the precipice is worn away by the friction of the water at the rate of about one foot a-year, and it is believed that the Falls have gradually receded from Queenston, seven miles below, to their present position. The river above the Falls is studded with islands of all sizes, amounting to 37 in number. The width of the stream varies from several hundred yards to three miles. At the Falls it is about three-quarters of a mile wide. The total descent from

Lake Erie to Ontario is 334 feet. So much for statistics.

The Falls of Niagara were first seen by a white man 180 years ago. *Father Hennepin*, a French Jesuit missionary, first saw them when on an expedition of discovery in the year 1678.

The spots of interest to be visited, besides the great Fall itself, are :—The Ground where the memorable Battle of Lundy's Lane was fought ; the Whirlpool below the Falls ; the Suspension Bridges ; the Devil's Hole and the Bloody Run ; the Queenston Heights and General Brock's Monument, &c.

We think it right to say that the Engravings with which our work is embellished may be depended on as being minutely correct, the most of them having been copied from photographs, and others taken from drawings made on the spot by Washington Friend, Esq., whose beautiful and cleverly executed panorama of American scenery is so well known to the public, and which is now exhibiting in England.

Let us suppose, then, reader, that you have reached the Falls on the American side ; that you have just alighted from the train in the Village of the Falls, and the thunder of Niagara is sounding in your ears. It were superfluous to give you minute directions how to

proceed. Follow the crowd and you cannot go wrong; there are also numerous ready and efficient guides, and, were these lacking, the roar of the great cataract would of itself be sufficient.

The Village of the Falls, through which you pass, lies on the east side of the river, in the immediate vicinity of the grand cataract, 22 miles by rail from the town of Buffalo on Lake Erie, and 300 by rail from Albany. Being a fashionable place of resort during summer and autumn,—at which seasons there are crowds of visitors to the renowned Falls,—it possesses several excellent hotels, the chief of which are the *Cataract House* and *International Hotel*. Two miles farther down the river is the *Monteagle Hotel*, near the Suspension Bridge. But we are too near the Falls to linger here. Pushing forward down the street leading between the two hotels just mentioned, we come into full view of the river at the point where it is spanned by the

SUSPENSION BRIDGE ABOVE THE RAPIDS.

Here the first perceptions of power and grandeur begin to awaken in our minds. The noble river is seen hurrying on towards its final leap; and as we stand upon the bridge looking down upon the gushing flood of water, that seems as if it would sweep away our frail standing ground and hurl us over the dread precipice

whose rounded edge is but a few yards farther down, we begin, though feebly as yet, to realize the immensity of this far-famed cataract. This is the finest point of view from which to observe the *rapids above the Falls*. The fall of the river from the head of the rapids (a mile above the Falls) to the edge of the precipice is nearly 60 feet; and the tumultuous madness of the waters, hurling and foaming in wayward billows and breakers down this descent, as if fretting with impatience, is a fine contrast to the uniform magnificent sweep with which at length they gush into the thundering flood below.

At the other end of the bridge, as seen in our Engraving, is *Bath Island*, on which is the *Toll-house*, where each visitor is charged 25 cents, and has his name entered in a book; after which he is entitled to cross the bridge as often as he pleases, free of charge, during the current year. Bath Island is connected with *Iris* or *Goat Island* by another bridge; and beyond Goat Island there are a few scattered rocks, which are connected with it by means of a third bridge. These rocks lie on the very brink of the precipice, between the *American Falls* and the *Horse-Shoe Fall*, and on them stands a tower named the *Terrapin Tower*, which commands a magnificent view of Niagara. But there are finer points of view than this. Moreover, we shall afterwards have to conduct our reader to various points of great interest

on and around these islands, which, however, no one will feel disposed to visit until he has given his undivided attention to the wonderful Falls from the most striking points of view. We therefore recommend him not to cross over to Goat Island in the first instance, but, after having stood upon the bridge over the rapids above described, retrace his steps and hasten down the banks of the river a few hundred yards, to a spot named *Prospect Point*.

Before proceeding thither, however, we may say a word or two in reference to the bridge we are about to leave. The elegant and substantial structure that now spans the river at this point was erected by the Messrs. Porter, the proprietors of Goat Island. It is made of iron, on the plan of Whipple's iron-arched bridge, and is 360 feet long, having 4 arches of 90 feet span each. The width is 27 feet, embracing a double carriage-way of $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and two foot-paths of $5\frac{1}{4}$ feet each, with iron railings. All the materials used in its construction are of the best quality, and the strength of all the parts is much beyond what is considered necessary.

The first bridge that was thrown over these turbulent waters was constructed at the head of Goat Island in 1817. It was carried away by ice in the following spring, and was succeeded by another, which was built in 1818. The difficulties attending its construction were overcome in the following manner: A mas-

sive abutment of timber was built at the water's edge, from which were projected enormously long and heavy beams of timber. These beams were secured on the land side by heavy loads of stone, and their outer ends were rendered steady by means of stilts or legs let down from them and thrust into the bottom of the river. A platform was thrown over this projection, along which heavy masses of stone were carried and dropped into the river. This operation was continued until the heap appeared above water, and then a strong framework of timber, filled solidly with stone, was built upon it. To this pier the first permanent portion of the bridge was fixed, and then, commencing from the extremity, beams were run out and a second pier similarly formed, and so on till the bridge was completed. It was built by the Messrs. Porter—extensive proprietors in this neighbourhood—and was repaired in 1839, and again in 1849.

In the former year one of the workmen, named Chapin, fell from the bridge into the river; fortunately the current carried him to the first of the two small islets below. He was rescued from his perilous position by Mr. J. R. Robinson, who has more than once bravely rescued fellow-creatures from this dangerous river; and the island was named after him—Chapin Island.

In July 1853, another accident occurred near this

point. Two Germans took a boat, and set out for a pleasure sail on the river above the Falls. Nothing more was heard of them until next morning, when one of them, named Joseph Avery, was observed clinging to a log sticking in the midst of the rapids, near the bridge between Bath Island and the mainland. Thousands of people assembled to render the poor man assistance, and during the day various attempts were made to rescue him from his perilous position, but without success. At length a boat was lowered down the rapids toward the log to which he clung. It neared him, and he attempted to spring towards it; but his strength was gone, and he fell into the stream. In another moment he was swept over the Falls. His body was never found.

NIAGARA FALLS FROM PROSPECT POINT.

This is indeed a sight worth coming many hundred miles to see. Walking through the Grove, we emerge upon the Point in front of Prospect Point Cottage. Here, at one wide sweep, we behold Niagara stretching from the American to the Canadian side in magnificent perspective. Just at our feet the smooth deep masses of the American Falls undulate convulsively as they hurl over the precipice and dash, in a never-ending succession of what we may term passionate bursts, upon the rugged rocks beneath. Beyond, and a little to the left, is Goat

Island, richly clothed with trees, its drooping end seeming as if it, too, were plunging, like the mighty river, into the seething abyss. Just off the Point is seen the Terrapin Tower, and right in front of us is the great Horse-Shoe Fall, uttering its deep, deafening roar of endless melody, as it plunges majestically into that curdling sea, from which the white cloud of mist spouts high in air and partially conceals the back ground of Canada from view. Far down in the river below, the ferry-boats are seen dancing on the angry waters. It is a solemnizing prospect, and we should suppose that few could gaze upon it for the first time without feeling that they had attained to a higher conception of the awful power and might of the Eternal. This point was the last residence of Francis Abbot, the young Hermit of Niagara.

The American Fall, on the brink of which we stand, is 163 feet in perpendicular height, and 660 feet wide from the mainland to *Luna* Island. The smaller Fall, between *Luna* and Goat Island, is 240 feet wide. Within a short distance of the spot where we stand is the

FERRY HOUSE.

Here there is a curious inclined plane, down which we descend in cars, which are worked by means of a water wheel and a rope ; there is also a stair connected with this, at the foot of which the ferry-boat waits to convey

us over to the Canadian side, whither we intend to proceed, because one of the finest views of Niagara is had from *Table Rock*. Ten minutes will suffice to convey us over, and the passage is quite safe. The charge is 18½ cents; but before going, let us hasten to the foot of the *American Falls*, and view them *from below*.

Mr. Charles Dickens, writing of this scene, says: "The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain and half-melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing with two English officers, who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin, we were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape or situation, or anything but vague immensity."

Seating ourselves in the Ferry boat, we are soon dancing on the agitated waters, and gazing in profound silence and admiration at the Falls, which from this point of view are seen to great advantage. A few minutes, and we are standing on the soil of Canada. Here carriages are ready to convey us to *Table Rock*, little more than a mile distant. Clifton House, not far from the landing, and several other objects of interest, claim our attention; but we are too full of the Great Cataract just now to turn aside, and, as we shall pass

this way again in descending the river, we will hasten on to behold the sublime view of Niagara from

TABLE ROCK.

In alluding to this view, the graphic writer above quoted says: "It was not till I came on Table Rock, and looked on the fall of bright green water, that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then Niagara was for ever stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat for ever.

"Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spake from out the thundering water! what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths! what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made! . . . To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataract from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse-Shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighbouring

heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below, watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved, and eddied, and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough.

“I think in every quiet season now, Still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below; still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold; still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid: which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God.”

But no words, however appropriate, no combination

of ideas, however felicitous, can do justice to Niagara; and those who are wending their way thither will need no description: yet it is satisfactory to know the feelings and thoughts of those who have gone before us.

Table Rock is no longer the extensive platform that it once was, large portions of it having fallen from time to time. It overhangs the terrible caldron close to the Horse-Shoe Fall, and the view from it, as already described, is most sublime. In 1818 a mass of 160 feet long and 40 feet wide broke off and fell into the boiling flood; and in 1828 three immense masses fell with a shock like an earthquake. Again, in 1829, another fragment fell, and in 1850 a portion of about 200 feet in length and 100 feet thick. On one of these occasions some forty or fifty persons had been standing on the rock a few minutes before it fell! The work of demolition still goes on, for another portion of Table Rock fell last year (1857).

Standing on the verge of Table Rock, and looking down into that angry swirl of mist and heaving waters, we behold a steamboat battling with the flood. It is

THE MAID OF THE MIST.

This little steamer starts from the landing, close to the Suspension Bridge, two miles below Niagara, and, ascending the river, passes the American Falls, and penetrates boldly into the dense cloud of mist close to

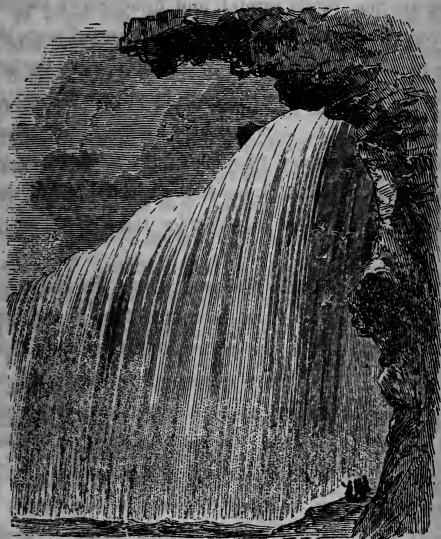
the foot of the Horse-Shoe Fall. This two-miles' trip is of a most thrilling character. Passing between the steep cliffs on each side of the river, we obtain a magnificent view of the whole line of the Falls in all positions, until everything is shut out from our sight by the drenching spray, as we dash, to all appearance, into the very jaws of the roaring cataract. But the Maid of the Mist wheels gracefully round in time, and emerges from the white curtain, glittering in the diamond drops which she has snatched from the rainbows of Niagara! Waterproof garments are provided, free of charge, for those who wish to remain on deck during the trip. There is no real danger attending this excursion. The steamer was built expressly for her present work, and she is an excellent boat of 170 tons burden, and propelled by an engine of above 100 horse-power. The Maid of the Mist makes hourly trips every day except Sundays.

A short distance from Table Rock there is a stair by which we can descend under the overhanging cliff, and if we desire it, don the waterproof habiliments provided for us, and go under

THE HORSE SHOE FALL.

The view here is awfully grand. As we gaze upwards at the frowning cliff that seems tottering to its fall, and pass under the thick curtain of water—so near that it seems as if we could touch it—and hear the hissing

spray, and are stunned by the deafening roar that issues from the misty vortex at our feet, an indescribable feeling of awe steals over us, and we are more than ever impressed with the tremendous magnificence of Niagara.



VIEW BELOW TABLE ROCK.

Behind our narrow foot-path the precipice of the Horse-Shoe Fall rises perpendicularly to a height of 90 feet ; at our feet the cliff descends about 70 feet into a tur-

moil of bursting foam ; in front is the liquid curtain which, though ever passing onward, never unveils this wildest of Nature's caverns.

We do not run much danger in going under the Falls if we are moderately careful, and hundreds of ladies do so every year. But accidents have happened more than once to reckless travellers. To the nervous and the timid we would say, go under the Falls by all means, and *fear not*; to the daring and the bold we would say go, but *beware*. At the same time it is right to mention that portions of Table Rock are still expected to fall every year, so that those who go under the Falls must run the risk of this.

The volume of water that gushes over the Horse-Shoe Fall is enormous. It is estimated that the sheet is fully 20 feet thick in the centre, an estimate which was corroborated in a singular manner in 1829. A ship named the *Detroit*, having been condemned, was bought and sent over the Falls. On board were put a live bear, a deer, a buffalo, and several smaller animals. The vessel was almost knocked to pieces in the rapids, but a large portion of her hull went over entire. She drew 18 feet water, but did not strike the cliff as she took the awful plunge.

PROSPECT HOUSE

Stands in the rear of Table Rock. The view from the summit of this building is magnificent.

A few hundred yards above Prospect House there is a point from which we obtain a fine view of the rapids and the islands named

THE THREE SISTERS.

They are seen in the distance lying close together at the head of Goat Island.

From one of these Sisters a gentleman named Allan was rescued by the gallant Mr. J. R. Robinson in the summer of 1841. Mr. Allan had started alone in his boat for the village of Chippewa, and in the middle of the river broke one of his oars. Being unable to gain the shore, he endeavoured with the remaining oar to steer for the head of Goat Island, but the rapid current swept him past this point. As he approached the outer island of the Three Sisters, he steered with the cool energy of despair towards it and leaped ashore, while his boat sprang like a lightning flash down the rapid and over the Horse-Shoe Fall. For two days Mr. Allan remained on the island, and then, fortunately, succeeded in making a fire with some matches he happened to have in his pocket. Crowds of people assembled to assist in and witness the rescue, which was accomplished by Robinson, who, having managed to pass a rope from island to island, reached him with a skiff.

Another narrow escape was made here by a father and son in the year 1850. The son, a boy of ten years

of age, was paddling his father—who was drunk at the time—over to their home on Grand Island. The father was unable to guide the frail canoe, which was carried into the rapids, and descended with fearful rapidity towards the Falls. The wretched father could do nothing to save himself; but the gallant boy struggled with the energy of a hero, and succeeded in forcing the canoe between Goat Island and the Three Sisters. Here they were in imminent danger of passing over the little cascade between these islands, but, providentially, as they neared it a wave upset the canoe and left them struggling in the water. The place was shallow,—the boy gained a footing, and, seizing his father by the collar, dragged him to the shore, where hundreds of anxious spectators received them with shouts of joy.

Gull Island is a small island just above the Horse-Shoe Fall. It has never been trodden by man.

About two miles higher up the river is

THE BURNING SPRING.

This curious spring is very interesting. The water, being charged with sulphureted hydrogen gas, takes fire when a light is applied to it, and burns with a pale, bluish flame.

The Battle of Chippewa was fought in this neighbourhood on the 5th July, 1814.

In order to gratify the visitor's natural desire to see

Niagara from the most striking points of view, we have hurried him somewhat abruptly to the Canada side. We will now retrace our steps to the Ferry, and, crossing over, visit Goat Island and its neighbourhood.

The first object that claims our attention as we return down the left bank of the river is

THE MUSEUM,

Which stands at the top of the bank near to Table Rock, and is well worth visiting. It is arranged so as to represent a forest scene, and contains a fine collection of birds, beasts, and fishes, besides a camera-obscura. Charge for admission 25 cents.

A short distance below this house a terrible accident occurred in 1844. A lady named Miss Martha K. Rugg fell over the bank, and, descending a depth of 115 feet, was dashed on the sharp rocks below. She was still alive when picked up, but expired a few hours afterwards.

Our Engraving of the

AMERICAN FALLS

Exhibits the view as seen from the Canadian side directly opposite. Behind the Falls are seen the splendid American Hotels, the Cataract House, the International, &c., with the woods extending towards Prospect Point. On the right are the Centre Fall and the wooden stairs leading to the Cave of the Winds.

From this position we have also a fine prospect of

NIAGARA RIVER BELOW THE FALLS.

Our Engraving, taken from a photograph, gives an excellent and correct representation of this view. The swollen and agitated stream hurries onward, after its mighty leap, between steep cliffs, clothed on the summit with wood. On the left of the Picture we see the road winding along the top of the bank towards the splendid hotel named Clifton House; groups of pilgrims to the shrine of the mighty cataract of the West enliven the scene, and, perchance, the Ferry boat shoots out from its moorings as we pass, and dances like a cork upon the troubled waters.

A walk of about half an hour along the bank of the river, brings us to

CLIFTON HOUSE,

A magnificent hotel, in the immediate vicinity of which is the ground where the *Battle of Lundy's Lane* was fought. It occupies a commanding position on the top of the bank, at a short distance from the Ferry Landing-Place. The view of the American and Horse-Shoe Falls from this hotel is exceedingly fine, and the accommodation is most excellent. The gardens around it are a great improvement, and it has concert rooms, large public saloons, and is lighted with gas. Omnibusses

and conveyances from and to all points of interest centre at Clifton House, and the depôt of the *Erie and Ontario Railroad* is about 200 yards from the door. The railroad referred to connects at Chippewa, a village about three miles up the river, with the steamer to Buffalo, and runs down the river to the City of Niagara, at its mouth, whence the Lake Ontario steamers convey passengers to the River St. Lawrence.

Having thus cast a rapid glance at the salient points on the Canada side, we may either continue our walk for a mile farther, to the Suspension Bridge, or recross the Ferry to inspect the Falls more narrowly. — Choosing the latter course, we cross in the boat, re-ascend the inclined-plane railway, hurry through the Grove, and cross the bridge to

BATH ISLAND.

Here is a bathing establishment, having warm and plunge baths open at all hours of the day ; and here also may be purchased any amount of Indian curiosities. The largest paper mill in the United States is also on this island. It belongs to Bradley and Co. of Buffalo. A little higher up are two smaller islets named *Ship* and *Brig* Islands. The former is also named *Lovers' Retreat*, and is connected with Bath Island by a slender but safe bridge. Looking down the river we see several small islets, most of which are more or less connected with thrilling incidents of danger, escape, or death ; for

graphic details of which we refer the traveller to the guides, who are learned in local tradition.

Crossing the bridge at the other end of Bath Island, we reach

GOAT, OR IRIS ISLAND.

This island is half a mile long by a quarter broad, and contains about 70 acres. It divides the Falls, is 330 yards wide, and is heavily wooded. In 1770 a man of the name of Stedman placed some goats here to pasture; hence the name. Its other name, Iris, is derived from the number of beautiful rainbows that are so frequently seen near it. It is the property of the Porter family, and to them the public are indebted for the facilities which are afforded them in visiting the Falls. Goat Island was visited long before the bridges were constructed; but the visitors were not numerous, the risk being very great. The dates 1771, 1772, and 1779, under the names of several strangers, were found cut in a beech tree near the Horse-Shoe Fall.

Three paths diverge from the house on your left, in which Indian curiosities are sold; the one to the left leads to the head of the island; the centre road cuts right across it; and that on the right conducts to the Falls. Let us follow the latter through the trees that line the margin of the rapids. In a few minutes we reach a spot named *Hog's Back*, from which we have a good view of the Central and American Falls and the

river below, rushing on as if in exultation after its terrific leap. Dr. Hungerford of West Troy was killed just under this point in 1839, by the falling of a portion of the cliff.

Three Profiles, formed by the Falls in this neighbourhood, are pointed out, but they exist chiefly in the imagination!

That small island to our right, on the verge of the Falls, is

LUNA ISLAND;

So called because it is the best point from which to view the beautiful *Lunar Bow*. A narrow bridge connects this island with Goat Island.

The *Lunar Bow* is only seen once a-month, when the moon is full and sufficiently high in the heavens.

The *Solar Bow* is always visible when the sun shines on the Falls.

It is said by some that Luna Island trembles; which is not improbable.

A very melancholy accident occurred at the northern extremity of this island in the year 1849. The family of Mr. Deforest of Buffalo visited the Falls on the 21st June of that year, along with a young man named Charles Addington. They were about to leave this island when Mr. Addington playfully seized Annette, the little daughter of Mr. Deforest, in his arms, and held her over the edge of the bank, exclaiming, "I am going to throw

you in." A sudden impulse of fear caused the child to bound from his grasp and fall into the rushing stream: with a loud cry of horror the young man sprang in to save her, and, ere the stricken parents could utter a cry, they both went over the Falls! In the afternoon the mangled remains of the child were discovered in the Cave of the Winds, but Addington's body was not found for several days afterwards.

THE CENTRE FALL,

Over which we pass in our return to Goat Island, although a mere ribbon of white water when seen from a short distance in contrast with the Great Falls, is by no means unworthy of notice. It is 240 feet wide, and is a very graceful sheet of water. Proceeding along the road a short distance, we come to

BIDDLE'S STAIRS.

These were erected in 1829 by Mr. Biddle, president of the United States' Bank, for the purpose of enabling visitors to descend the perpendicular precipice. The stairs are firmly secured to the cliff, and are said to be quite safe. They are 80 feet high. The total descent from the top of the bank to the bottom is 185 feet.

Between this point and the Centre Fall is the spot where the celebrated *Sam Patch* made his famous leaps. Sam made two leaps in 1829. A long ladder was placed

at the foot of the rock and fastened with ropes in such a manner that the top projected over the water. A platform was then laid from the top of the ladder to the edge of the bank above. Hundreds of thousands of spectators crowded every point within sight of the place on both shores, eager to behold the extraordinary spectacle of a man jumping "over the Falls." Sam walked along the giddy platform, made his bow, and went down, feet first, 97 feet into the river.

Not content with this achievement, Sam Patch afterwards made a higher leap at the Genesee Falls. Again, at the same place, he made another jump, from the height of 125 feet! This was his last. The poor fellow never rose again, and his body has never been found.

Before descending Biddle's Stairs, let us pass on until we reach the extremity of the island, and cross the bridge to

TERRAPIN TOWER.

This tower occupies a singular and awful position. A few scattered masses of rock lie on the very brink of the Great Fall, seeming as if unable to maintain their position against the tremendous rush of water. Upon these rocks the tower is built. It was erected in 1833, by Judge Porter; and from the summit we obtain the most magnificent view that can be conceived,—the rapids above rolling tumultuously towards you,—the green water of the mighty Falls at your feet,—below you

the hissing caldron of spray, and the river with its steep banks beyond,—in fact the whole range of the Falls themselves, and the world of raging waters around them, are seen from this commanding point of view. The tower is 45 feet high.

The bridge leading to this tower is usually wet with spray, so that we must be careful in crossing. In 1852 a gentleman fell from this bridge, and was carried to the edge of the Fall; fortunately he stuck between two rocks, and was rescued by two Americans, who threw lines towards him, which he fastened round his body, and was thus drawn ashore.

A timber which projects over the dread abyss was the usual evening promenade of the eccentric Francis Abbot. In 1852 two enormous pieces of the precipice here, reaching from the top to the bottom, broke off and fell with a crash like thunder.

While gazing at the sublime sight here, and taking in at a single sweep the whole scene of the glorious Falls of Niagara, let us pause a while and reflect upon the sad fate of

FRANCIS ABBOT, THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

In the month of June 1829, a tall, gentlemanly, but haggard-looking young man, made his appearance at the Village of the Falls. He brought with him a large portfolio and several books and musical instruments. For a few weeks he paid daily and nightly visits to the most

interesting points of Niagara, and at length became so fascinated with the beauty and sublimity of the scene, that he resolved to take up his abode there altogether ! No one knew whence the young stranger came. Those who conversed with him asserted that he was talented and engaging in his manners and address ; but he was not communicative, and shunned the company of man. At the end of a few weeks he applied for permission to build for himself a cottage on one of the Three Sisters ; but circumstances preventing this, he took up his residence in an old cottage on Goat Island. Here the young hermit spent his days and nights in solitary contemplation of the great cataract ; and when winter came, the dwellers on the mainland saw the twinkle of his wood-fire, and listened wonderingly to the sweet tones of music that floated over the troubled waters and mingled with the thunder of the Falls.

This wonderful recluse seemed never to rest. At all hours of the day and night he might be seen wandering round the object of his adoration. Not content with gazing at the rapids, he regularly bathed in the turbulent waters, and the bathing-place of Francis Abbot is still pointed out to visitors. At the Terrapin Bridge there is a single beam of timber which projects its tremulous end about ten feet over the roaring flood. Along this the hermit was in the habit of walking. He did so without the smallest sign of fear,—with a firm, bold

step proceeding to the very end, turning on his heel and walking back again. One day in June 1831 he went to bathe in the river below the Falls. Not long afterwards his clothes were found still lying on the bank, but Francis Abbot was gone. The waters which he had so recklessly dared had claimed him as their own at last. His body was found ten days afterwards at the mouth of the river, whence it was conveyed to Niagara and buried close to the thundering Fall he loved so well.

Returning to *Biddle's Stairs*, let us descend, and, taking the road to the left, go view the

HORSE-SHOE FALL FROM BELOW GOAT ISLAND.

The sight is terrific. The frowning cliff seems about to fall on us, and we are stunned by the roar of the water as it falls headlong on the broken rocks, bursts into white foam, and re-ascends in clouds of spray. Terapin Bridge and Tower, now diminished by distance, seem about to be swept over the Fall, above the edge of which we see the trees of Canada. Portions of the rock fall here occasionally, so that the passage is not altogether unattended with danger.

Returning to the foot of the stairs, we follow the road to the right until we reach the famous

CAVE OF THE WINDS.

It is situated at the foot of the rock between Goat and Luna Islands, and is considered by some to be one

of the finest and most wonderful sights on the American side. Here it is necessary to put on waterproof dresses and obtain a guide—both of which are at all times at our command. The cave has been formed by the action of the water on the soft substratum of the precipice, which has been washed away and the limestone rock left arching overhead 30 feet beyond the base. In front the transparent Falls form a beautiful curtain. In consequence of the tremendous pressure on the atmosphere, this cave is filled with perpetual storms, and the war of conflicting elements is quite chaotic. A beautiful *rainbow*, quite circular in form, quivers amid the driving spray when the sun shines. The cave is 100 feet wide, 130 feet high, and upwards of 30 feet deep. Along the floor of this remarkable cavern the spray is hurled with considerable violence, so that it strikes the walls and curls upwards along the ceiling, thus causing the rough turmoil which has procured for this place its title of the Cave of the Winds. It is much visited by ladies as well as gentlemen, and a good railing has been put up, as well as one or two seats, by the proprietor.

Re-ascending Biddle's Stairs we will now proceed to the

HEAD OF GOAT ISLAND.

The road runs quite round it. Turning to the right, in the direction of Terrapin Bridge, we observe that the rock is wearing away fast here. In 1843 an enormous

mass fell from the precipice with a tremendous crash, and the rock lies near the foot of the stairs.

Passing on along the edge of the rapids, we come to the *Three Sisters*, (already described); and here, between *Moss Island* and the shore, is a small but beautiful Fall, named the *Hermit's Cascade*. Hither the unfortunate Abbot was wont to repair daily to enjoy a shower-bath of Nature's own constructing. Proceeding onwards, we reach the head of Iris Island and the cottage in which Abbot lived before removing to his last residence, at Prospect Point.

In June of 1854 Mr. Robinson performed a daring feat here. A sand-scow, or flat-bottomed barge, having broken loose from its moorings, lodged on the rocks near the head of the island. There was property on board which Mr. Robinson offered to save. Embarking with his son in a skiff, he shot out into the rapid, and was carried with terrible swiftness down towards the scow, upon which the son sprang as they flew past, and very cleverly fastened the skiff to it. Having obtained the goods for which they ran so great risk, the fearless pair pushed off once more, and flew like an arrow on the surging billows towards the *Three Sisters*. Every one thought their doom was sealed, for they were flying towards the small cascade, to go over which would have been certain death. But, on its very verge they swept adroitly into an eddy, and succeeded in gaining the second

Sister. Here they carried their skiff to the foot of the island, where they launched it, and, plying their oars with vigour, made a bold sweep down the rapids, and gained the shore of Goat Island in safety.

The view from the head of Goat Island is very fine, the wild river and its environs being seen for a considerable distance. Navy Island, celebrated in the history of border warfare; the site of old Fort Schlosser on the American side; the town of Chippewa on the Canada shore; Grand Island, &c., are all visible from this point. As we gaze at the wild rapid, we wonder at the hardihood of those who ventured to descend to the spot on which we now stand before the bridge was built. Yet this was occasionally done, at much risk, in Indian canoes. It is said that any one who falls into the rapids a mile above the Falls is hurried to almost certain destruction; and there are many melancholy instances of the kind.

A few years ago an Indian attempted, while in a state of partial intoxication, to cross the river in his canoe. He was drawn into the rapids, and, despite his utmost efforts, failed to reach the shore. Knowing that his doom was fixed, he took a draught of spirits, and then, lying down at full length in the canoe, was hurled over the Falls into eternity.

In proceeding down the island we pass a spot where there are several graves, out of which human remains

have been dug. They were found in a sitting position, and it is supposed they were those of the ancient Indian warriors who first owned the land around the Falls.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

In all its phases this wondrous cataract is sublime, but in winter, when its dark-green waters contrast with the pure white snow, and its frosty vapour spouts up into the chill atmosphere from a perfect chaos of ice and foam, there is a perfection of savage grandeur about it which cannot be realized in the green months of summer.

At this season ice is the ruling genius of the spot. The spray which bursts from the thundering cataract encrusts every object with a coat of purest dazzling white. The trees bend gracefully under its weight, as if in silent homage to the Spirit of the Falls. Every twig is covered, every bough is laden; and those parts of the rocks and trees on which the delicate frost-work will not lie, stand out in bold contrast. At the foot of the Falls block rises on block in wild confusion, and the cold, dismal-looking water, hurries its green floods over the brink, and roars hoarsely as it rushes into the vortex of dazzling white below. The trees on Goat Island seem partially buried; the bushes around have almost disappeared; the houses seem to sink under their ponderous coverings of white; every rail is edged with it, every point and pinnacle is capped with it; and the dark form

of the Terrapin Tower stands like a lone sentinel guarding this scene of magnificent desolation.

When the sun shines, all becomes radiant with glittering gems ; and the mind is almost overwhelmed with the combined effects of excessive brilliancy and excessive grandeur. But such a scene cannot be described.

* * *

"From age to age—in winter's frost, or summer's sultry beam,
By day, by night, without a pause—thy waves with loud acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds, have still proclaimed the Great Eternal Name."

Our View is taken from the Canadian side, a short distance above Prospect House.

NIAGARA BY MOONLIGHT.

It were vain to attempt a description of this magical scene. Every one knows the peculiar softness and the sweet influence of moonlight shed over a lovely scene. Let not the traveller fail to visit Goat Island when the moon shines high and clear, and view Niagara by her pale, mysterious light.

LEGEND OF THE WHITE CANOE.

In days of old, long before the deep solitudes of the West were disturbed by white men, it was the custom of the Indian warriors of the forest to assemble at the Great Cataract and offer a human sacrifice to the Spirit of the Falls. The offering consisted of a white canoe

full of ripe fruits and blooming flowers, which was paddled over the terrible cliff by the fairest girl of the tribe who had just arrived at the age of womanhood. It was counted an honour by the tribe to whose lot it fell to make the costly sacrifice; and even the doomed maiden deemed it a high compliment to be selected to guide the white canoe over the Falls. But in the Stoical heart of the red man there are tender feelings which cannot be subdued, and cords which snap if strained too roughly.

The only daughter of a chief of the Seneca Indians was chosen as a sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara. Her mother had been slain by a hostile tribe. Her father was the bravest among the warriors, and his stern brow seldom relaxed save to his blooming child, who was now the only joy to which he clung on earth. When the lot fell on his fair child no symptom of feeling crossed his countenance. In the pride of Indian endurance he crushed down the feelings that tore his bosom, and no tear trembled in his dark eye as the preparations for the sacrifice went forward. At length the day arrived; it faded into night as the savage festivities and rejoicing proceeded; then the moon arose and silvered the cloud of mist that rose from out the turmoil of Niagara; and now the white canoe, laden with its precious freight, glided from the bank and swept out into the dread rapid from which escape is hopeless. The young girl calmly steered her tiny bark towards the

centre of the stream, while frantic yells and shouts arose from the forest. Suddenly *another* white canoe shot forth upon the stream, and, under the powerful impulse of the Seneca chief, flew like an arrow to destruction. It overtook the first; the eyes of father and child met in one last gaze of love, and, then, they plunged together over the thundering cataract into eternity!

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE FALLS.

The Falls of Niagara will doubtless occupy nearly all the time and engross all the interest of visitors; nevertheless there are several objects in the vicinity which are worthy of special attention. In enumerating these, we will adopt the plan of beginning at the cataract and descending to Lake Ontario; afterwards we will describe the river from Lake Erie to the Falls. The first object of interest below the cataract is

THE NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE,

Which spans the river about two miles below the Falls. We may mention, in passing, that there are two caves—*Catlin's Cave* and the *Giant's Cave*—between the Bridge and the Falls, on the American side; and *Bender's Cave* on the Canada side. They are, however, hardly worthy of notice.

The Suspension Bridge is a noble and stupendous

structure. It is the work of Mr. John A. Roebling of Trenton, New Jersey, and was begun in 1852. Formerly the bridge here was of much smaller dimensions. It was begun in 1849 by Mr. Charles Elliot, who first crossed it in an iron basket, slung under a single cable of iron wire. Afterwards many people crossed in this way, being let down the incline and drawn up on the opposite side by a windlass. While six workmen were employed on the foot-path of this bridge, a terrific gale burst upon them, tore the planks away, and left four of their number clinging to two thin wires, which swung fearfully to and fro, while the whirling rapids raged beneath them. The other two escaped on fragments of board to the shore. A brave comrade descended in the basket, during a lull in the gale, and by means of a ladder rescued his companions from their awful position. The basket is still to be seen on the Canada side.

The present bridge is of enormous strength, and forms a communication between Canada and the States, over which the carriages of the Great Western and the New York Central Railroads, and cars of every description, run without causing the slightest vibration. The cost of its construction was 500,000 dollars (more than £100,000 sterling); and steam carriages first crossed it on the 8th March 1855. The road for carriages is suspended 28 feet below the railway line.

The following statistics of this enormous bridge will

be interesting: The height of the towers on the American side is 88 feet; those on the Canada side are 78 feet high. Length of bridge is 800 feet; width, 24 feet; height above the river, 250 feet. There are four enormous wire cables of about 10 inches diameter, which contain about 4000 miles of wire; and the ultimate capacity of the four cables is about 12,400 tons. The total weight of the bridge is 800 tons; and it combines, in an eminent degree, strength with elegance of structure. Our Engraving is from a photograph.

LUNDY'S LANE BATTLE-GROUND

Is about a mile and a half from the Falls, near to Clifton House. This great battle between the Americans and the British was fought on the 25th July 1814. The number of killed and wounded on both sides was about equal, and both parties, as a matter of course, claim the victory!

Drummondville, in the immediate vicinity, is named after General Drummond, then commander of the British forces.

Niagara City stands on either side of the Suspension Bridge, but it is not as yet deserving of the title of a city.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

About three miles below the Falls the river takes an abrupt turn, and shoots with great violence against the cliff on the Canada side, forming what is called the

Whirlpool. Our Engraving is from a drawing by the graphic pencil of Mr. Friend. The scenery around this caldron is exceedingly wild.

A short distance farther on are the *Mineral Springs*, sometimes called the Belle Vue Fountain.

The Rapids, just below the Whirlpool, are very fine.

Less than half a mile farther down the river, on the American side, is

THE DEVIL'S HOLE,

A terribly gloomy and savage chasm in the bank of the river, between one and two hundred feet deep. Overhanging this dark cavern is a perpendicular precipice, from the top of which falls a small stream named the *Bloody Run*. The stream obtained its name from the following tragical incident:—

During the French war in 1763, a detachment of British soldiers (consisting of, some say 100, some 50 men,) was forwarded with a large supply of provisions from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser. The Seneca Indians, then in the pay of the French, resolved to lay an ambuscade for them, and chose this dark spot for their enterprise. The savages, who were numerous, scattered themselves along the hill sides, and lay concealed among the bushes until the British came up and had passed the precipice; then, uttering a terrific yell, they descended like a whirlwind, and, before the soldiers had time to

form, poured into their confused ranks a withering volley of bullets. The little stream ran red with blood, and the whole party—soldiers, waggons, horses, and drivers—were hurled over the cliff into the yawning gulf below, and dashed to pieces on the rocks. Only two escaped to tell the tale; the one a soldier, who returned during the night to Fort Niagara; the other a Mr. Stedman, who dashed his horse through the ranks of his enemies, and escaped amid a shower of bullets.

The Ice Cave is also an object of attraction in this locality.

Chasm Tower is a short distance below. It is 75 feet high, and affords a fine view of the river and surrounding scenery.

BROCK'S MONUMENT

Stands on the Queenston Heights, Canada side, just above the village of that name. This monument was raised in commemoration of the British General, Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in the sanguinary action fought on this spot on the 13th October 1812. His remains, and those of his aid-de-camp, Colonel John M'Donald, who died of wounds received in the same battle, are buried here.

The first monument was completed in 1826, and was blown up in 1840 by a person named Lett, who was afterwards imprisoned for this dastardly act. The present handsome shaft was erected in 1853. Its height

is 185 feet; the base is 40 feet square by 30 feet high; the shaft is of freestone, fluted, 75 feet high and 30 feet in circumference, surmounted by a Corinthian capital, on which stands a statue of the gallant General.

The view from this monument is most gorgeous. The eye wanders with untiring delight over the richest imaginable scene of woodland and water. Just below is the village of Queenston, and on the opposite shore is Lewiston. In the midst flows the now tranquil River Niagara—calm and majestic in its recovered serenity. In the far distance, on either side, stretches the richly wooded landscape, speckled with villas and cottages. At the mouth of the river are the town of *Niagara* on the Canadian side, and *Youngstown* on the American. Its entrance is guarded on the latter side by *Fort Niagara*, and on the former by *Fort Massasauga*. The whole view is terminated by the magnificent sheet of Lake Ontario, which stretches away like a flood of light to the horizon.

QUEENSTON

Is a small picturesque town, and worthy of notice chiefly on account of the memorable battle that took place on the neighbouring heights.

LEWISTON,

Just opposite Queenston, is a beautifully situated town, about seven miles from the Falls. It is a place of some

importance, and stands at the head of the navigation on the river; contains several excellent hotels and public buildings. The Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Lewiston Railroad terminus, is here. There is a village of Tuscarora Indians three miles from this. Lewiston was destroyed by the British in 1813, and rebuilt at the termination of the war.

Just above those two towns is the

LEWISTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

This is the finest bridge of the kind in America. It was erected in 1850 by E. W. Serrell, Esq., of Canada, and belongs to a joint company of Americans and Canadians. Its length is 1045 feet; and it is suspended by ten massive cables, which pass over stone towers, and are attached to anchors imbedded deep in the solid rock.

NIAGARA TOWN

Stands on the Canada shore, opposite Youngstown, on the site of Newark, which was burnt in 1813 by General M'Clure. Its prosperity has been injured somewhat by the Welland Canal. A short distance above the town are the remains of *Fort George*, which was taken by the Americans in 1813, afterwards destroyed by the British, and left in ruins.

Fort Niagara, on the American side, has many historical associations, which we have not space to touch

upon. The English General Prideaux fell here in the battle of 24th July 1759, and the French garrison afterwards surrendered to Sir William Johnson.

Fort Massasauga, at the mouth of the river, opposite Fort Niagara, is a little below the town of Niagara, and is garrisoned by British soldiers.

NIAGARA RIVER ABOVE THE FALLS.

Having now traced this noble river from the Falls to its mouth, let us proceed to its source at Lake Erie, and give it a rapid glance as we follow its course to the great cataract.

Buffalo, at its commencement, stands guard at the outlet of Lake Erie. This is a great commercial city, from which trains leave daily for all parts of the States and Canada. Railway direct to the Falls, which are distant about 22 miles. The terminus of this railway is at Lewiston, and it connects with the Great Western Railway of Canada at the Suspension Bridge. Just opposite is old *Fort Erie*, belonging to the British.

Black Rock, now part of Buffalo, once rivalled that city in importance. Here a steam-ferry crosses over to *Waterloo*, a village on the Canada shore.

Tonawanda is 12 miles from Buffalo, at the widest part of Niagara River.

Grand Island, on which is a little hamlet named *White Haven*, divides the river into two branches. On

the site of White Haven was intended to be built a "city of refuge for the Jews;" but the aspiring and sanguine projector failed in carrying out his intention.

Fort Schlosser is 9 miles farther down the river, on the American side. It was at the old landing here that the *burning of the Caroline* took place, during the Canadian rebellion in 1837.

The insurgents had taken up a position on *Navy Island*, and the *Caroline* steamer was charged by the British with carrying provisions to the rebels. The vessel was therefore seized by Colonel M'Nabb, cut loose from her moorings, set on fire, and sent, like a flaming meteor, down the wild rapids and over the Falls of Niagara. There was no one on board when this vessel took her awful leap into the roaring gulf. Opposite Schlosser is the village of *Chippewa* (2½ miles above the Falls), from which a railway runs to Queenston and the mouth of the river. Steamers ply between Buffalo and this village, below which vessels dare not venture.

THE ISLANDS

Above the rapids are very numerous. Indeed, the river is studded with them, from Lake Erie all the way down to the Falls. There are 37 of them, if we may be permitted to count those that are little more than large rocks. *Grand Island* is the largest, being 12 miles long and 7 broad. It divides the stream into two

branches. *Navy Island* is just below it. Here the French built their ships of war in 1759. This island was the resort of the rebel leaders in 1837. It has an area of 304 acres. Our space forbids further notice of these islands, which are exquisitely beautiful. Some are large, and others are small; some lie in quiet water, clearly reflected in the surrounding mirror; while others stand in the midst of the raging current, looking black in the white turmoil of surrounding foam, and seeming as if they would fain check the angry waters in their headlong rush towards the Falls.

There is a fascination about this mighty cataract which seems to chain us to the spot, and, when we seek to leave it, draws us irresistibly back again. Even in describing it, however inadequately the task may be accomplished, we are loath to lay down the pen and tear ourselves away. The Almighty has invested Niagara with a power which none can resist; and those who gaze upon it for the first time, have a new era in their existence opened up—new thoughts and impressions stamped indelibly on their hearts, which will haunt them in after years and linger on their memories till these hearts and memories cease to act, and time is swallowed in eternity.

GEOLOGY OF NIAGARA.

THE geological features of the district around Niagara are very remarkable, and the Falls afford a fine example of the power of water to form an excavation of great depth and considerable length in the solid rock. The country over which the river flows is a flat table-land, elevated about 330 feet above Lake Ontario. Lake Erie, situated in a depression of this platform, is about 36 miles distant from Ontario, lying to the south-west. This table-land extends towards Queenston, where it terminates suddenly in an abrupt line of cliff, or escarpment, facing towards the north. The land then continues on a lower level to Lake Ontario.

The descent of the River Niagara—which, let it be borne in remembrance, flows *northward*—is only about fifteen feet in the first fifteen miles from Lake Erie, and the country around is almost on a level with the river's banks. At this part the Niagara varies from one to three miles in width, has a tranquil current, and is lake-like in appearance, being interspersed with low, wooded islands. At the head of the rapids it assumes a totally different appearance, and descends about fifty feet in less than a mile, over an uneven bed of lime-

stone, and, after being divided into two sheets by Goat Island, plunges down about 164 feet perpendicular at the Falls. Just below the Falls the river narrows abruptly, and flows rapidly through a deep gorge, varying from 200 to 400 yards wide, and 300 feet deep. This gorge, or chasm, extends from the Falls to the escarpment above referred to, near Queenston, a distance of seven miles; in the course of which the river descends 100 feet, and then emerges on the low, level land lying between the Queenston Heights and Lake Ontario,—a farther distance of seven miles. The descent here is only about four feet altogether, and the flow of the river is placid. The chasm is winding in form, and, about the centre of its course, makes a turn nearly at right angles, forming the well-known whirlpool.

Such are the various appearances and peculiarities presented by the River and Falls of Niagara, the causes of which we shall endeavour to explain.

The escarpment at Queenston, and the sides of the great ravine, have enabled us in the most satisfactory manner to ascertain the geological formations of the district, and to account for the present position of the Falls, as well as to form, on good grounds, an opinion as to the probable working of this mighty cataract in the future. It has long been supposed that the Falls originally plunged over the cliff at Queenston, and that they have gradually eaten their way back, a distance of

seven miles, to their present position. It is further conjectured that they will continue to cut their way back, in the course of ages, to Lake Erie, and that an extensive inundation will be caused by the waters of the lake thus set free. Recent investigation has shown, however, that this result is highly improbable,—we may almost say impossible; that the peculiar quality and position of the strata over which the river flows are such, that the Falls will be diminished in height as they recede, and their recession be checked altogether at a certain point.

It has been ascertained beyond all doubt that the Falls do recede, but the rate of this retrograde movement is very uncertain, and, indeed, we have every reason to believe that the rate of recession must of necessity in time past have been *irregular*. The cause of this irregularity becomes apparent on considering the formations presented to view at the escarpment and in the chasm. Here we find that the strata are nearly horizontal, as indeed they are throughout the whole region, having a very slight dip towards the south of twenty-five feet in a mile. They all consist of different members of the Silurian series, and vary considerably in thickness and density. In consequence of the slight dip in the strata, above referred to, the different groups of rock crop out from beneath each other, and thus appear on the surface in parallel zones or belts; and the Falls,

in their retrograde movement, after cutting through one of these zones, would meet with another of a totally different character ; having cut through which, a third would succeed, and so on.

In all probability Niagara originally flowed through a shallow valley, similar to that above the Falls, all the way across the table-land to the Queenston heights, or escarpment. On this point Sir C. Lyell writes : " I obtained geological evidence of the former existence of an old river-bed, which, I have no doubt, indicates the original channel through which the waters once flowed from the Falls to Queenston, at the height of nearly 300 feet above the bottom of the present gorge. The geological monuments alluded to consist of patches of sand and gravel, forty feet thick, containing fluviatile shells of the genera *Unio*, *Cyclas*, *Melania*, &c., such as now inhabit the waters of the Niagara above the Falls. The identity of the fossil species with the recent is unquestionable, and these fresh-water deposits occur at the edge of the cliffs bounding the ravine, so that they prove the former extension of an elevated shallow valley, four miles below the Falls,—a distinct prolongation of that now occupied by the Niagara in the elevated region between Lake Erie and the Falls."

At the escarpment the cataract thundered over a precipice twice the height of the present one, to the lower level. This lower level, as shown by Hall's Report on

the Geology of New York, is composed of red shaly sandstone and marl. The formations incumbent upon this, exhibited on the face of the escarpment, are as follow : 1. Gray quartzose sandstone ; 2. Red shaly sandstone, similar to that of the low level, with thin courses of sandstone near the top ; 3. Gray mottled sandstone ; 4. A thin bed of green shale ; 5. Compact gray limestone ; 6. A thick stratum of soft argillo-calcareous shale, similar to that which now lies at the base of the Falls ; 7. A thick stratum of limestone, compact and geodiferous, similar to the limestone rock which forms the upper part of the Falls. This is all that we have presented to us in the escarpment ; but we may observe, parenthetically, that if we proceed backwards towards Lake Erie, we cross the zone of limestone, and at the Falls discover another stratum of thin-bedded limestone overlapping it, in consequence of the southerly dip before referred to. Farther back still we find the Onondaga salt group, which extends, superficially, almost to Lake Erie, where another limestone formation appears.

Now, had there been no dip in the strata of the table-land between Lake Erie and Queenston, it is probable that the Falls would have continued to recede *regularly*, having always the same formations to cut through, and the same foundation to fall upon and excavate. But in consequence of the gentle inclination of the strata to the south, the surface presented to the

action of the Falls has continually varied, and the process of recession has been as follows :—

First, the river, rolling over the upper formation of hard limestone, to the escarpment, thundered down a height about double that of the present Fall, and struck upon the red shaly sandstone of the plain below. This being soft, was rapidly worn away by the action of the water and spray, while the more compact rocks above, comparatively unaffected, projected over the caldron, and at length fell in masses from time to time as the undermining process went on. But, as the Falls receded, the belt of red sandstone was gradually crossed, and the gray quartzose sandstone became the foundation of the group, and the recipient of Niagara's tremendous blows. This rock is extremely hard; here, therefore, the retrograde movement was probably retarded for ages; and here, just at the point where the Falls intersected this thin stratum of quartzose sandstone, the whirlpool is now situated.

The next formation on which the Falls operated was the red shaly sandstone, similar to the first; which, being soft, accelerated the recession. This went on at increased speed until the stratum was cut through, and the third formation was reached. Here again an alteration in speed occurred as before. The last that has been cut through is the fifth stratum, compact gray limestone, on which the cataract now falls.

The formation now reached, and that on which Niagara is operating at the present day, is the soft argillo-calcareous shale. It extends from the bottom of the precipice, over which the water plunges, to nearly half way up, and is about eighty feet thick. Above it lies the compact refractory limestone, which forms the upper formation at this point. This also is about eighty feet thick; and here we see the process of excavation progressing rapidly. The lower stratum, being soft, is disintegrated by the violent action of the water and spray, aided in winter by frost; and portions of the incumbent rock, being thus left unsupported, fall down from time to time. The huge masses of undermined limestone that fell in the years 1818 and 1828, shook the country, it is said, like an earthquake.

This process is continually altering the appearance of the Falls. Sir Charles Lyell, in his geological treatise on this region, says: "According to the statement of our guide in 1841, (Samuel Hooker,) an indentation of about forty feet has been produced in the middle of the ledge of limestone at the lesser Fall since the year 1815, so that it has begun to assume the shape of a crescent; while within the same period the Horse-Shoe Fall has been altered so as less to deserve its name. Goat Island has lost several acres in area in the last four years; and I have no doubt that this waste neither is, nor has been, a mere temporary accident, since I found that the same

recession was in progress in various other waterfalls which I visited with Mr. Hall in the State of New York."

The rate at which the Falls now recede is a point of dispute. Mr. Bakewell calculated that, in the forty years preceding 1830, Niagara had been going back at the rate of about a yard annually. Sir Charles Lyell, on the other hand, is of opinion that one foot per annum is a much more probable conjecture. As we have already explained, this rapid rate of recession has, in all likelihood, not been uniform, but that in many parts of its course Niagara has remained almost stationary for ages.

That the Falls will ever reach Lake Erie is rendered extremely improbable from the following facts: Owing to the formation of the land, they are gradually losing in height, and, therefore, in power, as they retreat. Moreover, we know that, in consequence of the southerly dip of the strata, they will have cut through the bed of soft shale after travelling two miles farther back; thus the massive limestone which is now at the top will then be at the bottom of the precipice, while, at the same time, the Falls will be only half their present height. This latter hypothesis has been advanced by Mr. Hall, who, in his survey, has demonstrated that there is a diminution of forty feet in the perpendicular height of the Falls for every mile that they recede southwards; and this conclusion is based upon two facts, namely, that the slope of the river-channel, in its course north-

ward, is fifteen feet in a mile, and that the dip of the strata in an opposite, or southerly direction, is about twenty-five feet in a mile.

From this it seems probable that, in the course of between ten and eleven thousand years, the Falls of Niagara, having the thick and hard limestone at their base, and having diminished to half their present height, will be effectually retarded in their retrograde progress, if not previously checked by the fall of large masses of the rock from the cliff above. Should they still recede, however, beyond this point, in the course of future ages they will have to intersect entirely different strata from that over which they now fall, and will be so diminished in height as to be almost lost before reaching Lake Erie.

The question as to the origin of the Falls,—the manner in which they commenced, and the geological period at which they first came into existence,—is one of great interest; but want of space forbids our discussing that question here. We can make but one or two brief remarks in regard to it.

Sir Charles Lyell is of opinion that originally the whole country was beneath the surface of the ocean, at a very remote geological period; that it emerged slowly from the sea, and was again submerged at a comparatively modern period, when shells then inhabiting the ocean belonged almost without exception to species still living in high northern latitudes, and some of them in

temperate latitudes. The next great change was the slow and gradual re-emergence of this country.

As soon as the table-land between Lakes Erie and Ontario emerged, the River Niagara came into existence; and at the same moment there was a cascade of moderate height at Queenston, which fell directly into the sea. The cataract then commenced its retrograde movement. As the land slowly emerged, and the hard beds were exposed, another Fall would be formed; and then probably a third, when the quartzose sandstone appeared. The recession of the uppermost Fall must have been retarded by the thick limestone bed through which it had to cut; the second Fall, not being exposed to the same hinderance, overtook it; and thus the three ultimately came to be joined in one.

The successive ages that must have rolled on, during the evolution of these events, are beyond the power of the human intellect to appreciate, and belong to those "deep things" of the great Creator, whose ways are infinitely above our finite comprehension. It is roughly calculated that the Falls must have taken at least 35,000 years to cut their way from the escarpment of Queenston to their present position; yet this period, great though it is in comparison with the years to which the annals of the human race are limited, is as nothing when compared with the previous ages whose extent is indicated by the geological formations in the region around Niagara.

POETICAL LINES.

TO NIAGARA.

WRITTEN AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF ITS FALLS,

August 13, 1837.

HAIL! Sovereign of the world of floods! whose majesty and might
First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching sight:
The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendour of thy glorious watery throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay,
But onward,—onward,—onward,—thy march still holds its way;
The rising mists that veil thee as thy heralds go before,
And the music that proclaims thee is the thund'ring cataract's roar.

Thy diadem's an emerald, of the clearest, purest hue,
Set round with waves of snow-white foam, and spray of feathery dew;
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

Thy reign is from the ancient days, thy sceptre from on high;
Thy birth was when the distant stars first lit the glowing sky;
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,
Beheld the wreath of glory which first bound thine infant brow

And from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy stream,
From age to age, in Winter's frost or Summer's sultry beam,
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaim'd the Great Eternal's name.

For whether, on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,
Or, since his day, the red man's foe on his fatherland has stood;
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrents roar,
Must have knelt before the God of all, to worship and adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God!
From this primeval altar, the green and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To Thee whose shield has guarded me through all my wandering way.

For if the ocean be as nought in the hollow of thine hand,
 And the stars of the bright firmament in thy balance grains of sand;
 If Niagara's rolling flood seems great to us who humbly bow,
 O Great Creator of the Whole, how passing great art Thou!

But though thy power is far more vast than finite mind can scan,
 Thy mercy is still greater shown to weak, dependent man:
 For him thou cloth'st the fertile globe with herbs, and fruit, and seed;
 For him the seas, the lakes, the streams, supply his hourly need.

Around, on high, or far, or near, the universal whole
 Proclaims thy glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll;
 And from creation's grateful voice the hymn ascends above,
 While heaven re-echoes back to earth the chorus—"God is love."

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THERE'S nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
 Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recall—
 The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
 The stirrings of the chambers of the deep—
 Earth's emerald green and many-tinted dyes,
 The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
 The tread of armies thickening as they come,
 The boom of cannon and the beat of drum,
 The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
 The passion and the prowess of our race,
 The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
 The unresisting sweep of Roman power,
 Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
 America's young shout of liberty!

Oh, may the wars that madden on these deeps,
 There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steeps;
 And till the conflict of their surges cease
 The nations on thy banks repose in peace!

LORD MORPETH.

N I A G A R A.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on,
 Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence, and upon thine altar pour
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift

The insect trump that tells her trifling joys,
 Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
 Retire abash'd. For he hath need to sleep,
 Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home
 His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,
 To a long dreary calm: but thy strong tide
 Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets
 Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.
 The morning stars, that hail'd creation's birth,
 Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song,
 Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
 That wait the mandate of the day of doom
 To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed
 Upon thy rocky scroll.

* * * *

Lo! yon birds,

How bold! they venture near, dipping their wing
 In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet
 For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir
 Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud
 Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven
 Without reproof. But as for us, it seems

Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace
Thine awful features with our pencil's point
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak
Alone of God, who pour'd thee as a drop
From His right hand—bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in Him.

SIGOURNEY.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch the centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot that man makes
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might!

BRAINARD.

NELSONS' GUIDE

//

TO

LAKE GEORGE

AND

LAKE CHAMPLAIN,

WITH OIL-COLOUR VIEWS DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

"Bright scenes of mountain and of lake,
With rugged glens, where torrents break
In floods of silver white;
Mid cliffs, and crags, and flinty peaks,
Green woods, and isles, and flowing creeks—
In checkered shade and light."

LONDON:

T NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

MDCCCLVIII

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LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

[The Steel Engravings with which this work is embellished were executed from Photographs taken expressly for it by Mr. HOLMES, of Broadway, New York, who was commissioned by the publishers to visit the scenes represented.]

It has been remarked that, in America, Lake George holds the place of Loch Katrine in Scotland—that it is the Trosachs on a larger scale. There is much truth in this. The scenery of this charming district is indeed most beautiful;—mingling the soft and gentle with the bold, magnificent, and picturesque. Historical association also lends additional interest to Lakes George and Champlain. In days long gone by, these wild solitudes were frequently disturbed by the savage wars of the Indian tribes who then possessed the land; and in later years, the peace of these beautiful lakes was broken by the loud artillery of modern warfare. Civilized soldiers and savages have fought side by side upon their shores, while fleets have contended on their waters. Indians, Americans, French, and British, have each played their part in the thrilling dramas and tragedies that have been enacted on and around these romantic waters.

Besides being in themselves extremely grand and

beautiful, the lakes are easy of access ; being situated near the head waters of the celebrated Hudson River, and on the route between New York and Canada.

WE will take it for granted that the traveller has reached *Saratoga Springs*, that celebrated resort of lovers of mineral waters, fresh air, and amusement. We will suppose that he has visited the springs, tasted the health-giving waters, wondered at the extraordinary powers of the invalids, who rise early in order to drink, and sit up late in order to dance, and we will conclude that he is now desirous of visiting the two romantic lakes which form the subject of this little volume.

Let us proceed, then, by rail and plankroad, to Caldwell, at the head of lake George. The distance is twenty-eight miles,—fifteen miles from Saratoga to Moreau Station, by the Troy and Whitehall line, and thirteen from thence to Caldwell. On the way we pass two spots of great interest and beauty,—Glen's Falls, nine miles, and the Bloody Pond, four miles from the lake. These spots ought to be visited from Caldwell, and should have a day devoted to them. We have only time to glance at them in passing onward to the lakes, but we will pause to describe them particularly here.

GLEN'S FALLS

are situated in the upper Hudson River, about nine miles distant from Lake George. The total descent is

72 feet, and the width of the river at the top of the fall is about 900 feet. The water descends in a succession of leaps over rugged rocks, amid which it boils and foams, spirts and thunders, in magnificent style, especially when the river is in full-flood, as it finds its way through the wild ravine, and emerges into the quiet lands below.

It was here that Cooper laid some of the scenes in his well-known tale, "The Last of the Mohicans." Here the brave yet gentle Uncas, the stalwart Hawk-eye, and the other *dramatis personæ* of that exquisite novel, enacted some of their finest parts; and the caves below the bridge are associated with these stirring incidents of savage warfare. The traveller must be prepared, however, to throw himself rather violently into these memories of the past, and to indulge romantic associations under difficulties; for modern civilization, and progress, and peace, have planted on the stream mills of stern utility, and manufactories of sentiment-expelling common-placeness, which are apt to damp the spirits of all, save the most ardent enthusiasts. Clank, whirl, and spin, have taken the place of the rifle-crack, the stealthy tread, and the war-whoop of the savage! Shortly after leaving Glen's Falls, the road passes near the

BLOODY POND.

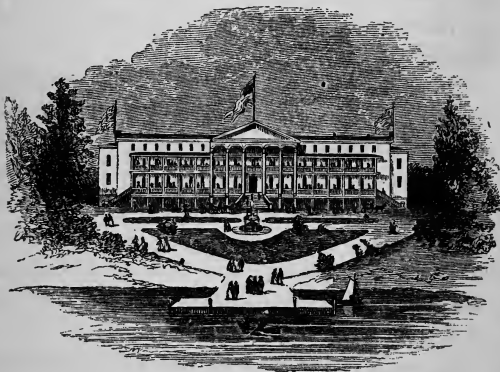
Here, in 1755, Colonel Williams was killed in an engagement with the French and their Indian allies, under

General Dieskau. An old boulder in the neighbourhood is still known as *Williams' Rock*. The slain, on both sides of this sanguinary fight, were thrown into the pond, which derives its name from this circumstance.

A little farther on, we obtain our first view of Horicon, and a surpassingly beautiful view it is. Descending the hills towards the lake, we soon arrive at the village of

CALDWELL.

The view in our engraving is taken from *Fort William Henry Hotel*, which stands near to the ruins of the Old



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL.

Fort. Here we will take up our abode, as the views from this new and elegant building are most exquisite,

and the entertainment is admirable. The *Lake House* is also a first rate establishment, commanding a very fine view of the lake, with its beautiful islands and the hills beyond.

We may remark here that *Toole's Inn*, a few miles along the eastern shore, is conveniently situated for fishing quarters, and is more secluded than those at Caldwell. *Bolton* and *Garfield* may also be mentioned as good spots for a pleasant sojourn. The former is a particularly charming spot. Here, in the *Mohican House*, we may enjoy the comforts of a well-appointed hotel, while outside, all that is beautiful and attractive in nature awaits us. We strongly recommend a halt at this place.

The village of Caldwell is beautifully situated at the southern end, or head, of Lake George. It contains two churches, a court-house, a jail, and a number of elegant private residences. There are above two hundred inhabitants, and, during the summer months, it is crowded with visitors in search of health, or pleasure, or both. It is delightfully and conveniently situated for being our head quarters while engaged in exploring the beauties of the lake.

The *Ruins of Fort William Henry*, which was built by the English in 1755, are close to the hotel of the same name. A short distance from the village, and about a mile to the south-east of this, are the *Ruins of Fort George*. A steamboat plies regularly between this

village and the landing near *Ticonderoga*, at the other end of the lake, the distance being 36 miles. The trip there and back can be accomplished in a day, but we would strongly recommend a more leisurely survey of this Queen of Waters. In the summer of 1856, the steamer *John Jay* was destroyed by fire near Sabbath-day Point. It has been replaced by the present handsome vessel, the boiler and furnace of which have been placed in a fire-proof iron case. Her name, Minne-ha-ha, which signifies *laughing water*, is taken from Longfellow's poem, *Hiawatha*.

LAKE GEORGE.

It may, perhaps, be advisable, before launching ourselves upon the placid and beautiful waters of this lake, to make a few brief statistical observations in regard to it. Lake George, then, is situated close to the eastern border of the State of New York, and its waters discharge in a northerly direction, into Lake Champlain. It is 36 miles long, lying north and south, and from 2 to 3 miles wide. It is 243 feet above the tide-waters of the Hudson River. The water of the lake is remarkably pellucid, and the basin in which it rests is covered with a yellow sand, so that the bottom is visible at a depth of seven fathoms. The surface of the lake is everywhere dotted with the most romantic-looking islands, and its shores are encompassed by picturesque hills, clothed with rich vegetation, and, many of them, rising

to a height that entitles them to rank as mountains. The islands are said to equal in number the days in the year. Many are large and fertile, others are mere barren rocks.

There are thousands of fish in the lake. Salmon-trout, silver-trout, brook trout, perch, pike, &c., are abundant, and of the finest quality.

Fish may be caught in all parts of Horicon, but the best fishing grounds are at the head of the lake, near Bolton Landing and Shelving Rock.

The Indian name of this lake is Horicon, or *the silvery waters*, and we cannot help expressing regret that this euphonious appellation has not been exclusively retained. The natives also called it Caniderioit, or, *the tail of the lake*, in reference to its position near the southern termination of Lake Champlain. It was named by the French *Lac Sacrament*, on account of the purity of its waters.

This singular transparency of the water is the more remarkable that the waters on every side,—those of Lake Champlain, of the Hudson, and of the whole region between the Green Mountains and the Mississippi,—are more or less impregnated with lime.

THE HEAD WATERS OF LAKE GEORGE,

From the grounds of Fort William Henry Hotel.

This view is exceedingly fine and animated,—the islands in the distance resting, if the weather be calm,

on their own reflected images, and beyond these, the graceful outline of the hills cutting against the clear sky. The grounds of the hotel and the wharf in front are usually crowded with gaily dressed visitors, especially when the bright-looking steamer darts from the shore on its trip down the lake. This steamer is a graceful little boat, elegantly fitted up, and, in the beauty of its appearance, very much in keeping with the lovely lake over which it darts with arrow-speed. She is 145 feet long, by 26 feet wide. During the summer season her decks are crowded with gay tourists, whose joyful voices, ringing over the lake, make the name of "laughing water" seem very appropriate. As the steamer rushes away, the flag that floats from the stern waves adieu to the stripes and stars that flutter from the flag-staff in front of the hotel.

It is a gay, brilliant scene, and little fitted to call to remembrance the dark deeds that have been enacted here in former days. Nevertheless, we must beg the reader to turn aside while we relate one, perhaps the blackest of these.

THE MASSACRE

at Fort William Henry, 1757, is one of the most terrible episodes in the wars between the English and French:—

"A British and provincial army having been collected at Fort Edward and Fort William Henry, under General Webb,

for the reduction of the French works on Lake Champlain, the French sent a large army up the lake, under General Montcalm, for their defence. General Webb, then at Fort William Henry, learning from Major Putnam that this force had entered Lake George, returned immediately to Fort Edward; and the day following sent Colonel Monroe with his regiment to re-enforce the garrison at the lake. The day after Monroe's arrival, the French appeared at the fort, laid siege to it, and demanded its surrender. The garrison, consisting of 2500 men, defended themselves with much bravery for several days, expecting succour from Fort Edward; but as none came, Monroe was obliged, on the 9th of August, to capitulate. By the articles of the capitulation, all the public property was to be delivered to Montcalm, and the garrison were to march out with their arms and baggage, and to be escorted to Fort Edward, on condition of not serving against the French within the period of eighteen months.

“The garrison had no sooner marched out of the fort, than a scene of perfidy and barbarity commenced, which it is impossible for language to describe. Regardless of the articles of capitulation, the Indians attached to the French army fell upon the defenceless soldiers, plundering and murdering all that fell in their way. The French officers were idle spectators of this bloody scene; nor could all the entreaties of Monroe persuade them to furnish the promised escort. On that fatal day about 1500 of the English were either murdered by the savages, or carried by them into captivity, never to return.

“The day following these horrid transactions, Major Putnam was despatched from Fort Edward with his rangers, to watch the motions of the enemy. He reached Lake George just after the rear of the enemy had left the shore; and the scene which was presented he describes as awful indeed. ‘The fort was entirely destroyed; the barracks, out-houses, and buildings, were a heap of ruins; the cannon, stores, boats, and vessels, were all carried away. The fires were

still burning—the smoke and stench offensive and suffocating. Innumerable fragments of human skulls and bones, and carcasses half consumed, were still frying and broiling in the decaying fires. Dead bodies, mangled with scalping-knives and tomahawks in all the wantonness of Indian barbarity, were everywhere to be seen. More than a hundred women, butchered and shockingly mangled, lay upon the ground, still weltering in their gore. Devastation, barbarity, and horror, everywhere appeared; and the spectacle presented was too diabolical and awful either to be endured or described.’ ”

How peaceful the scene now! and how difficult to believe that a spot so lovely—so eminently fitted to soften the heart and fill it with gratitude to the almighty Creator—should have been the theatre of deeds of ruthless barbarity which the arch-fiend himself might strive in vain to out-do!

We turn gladly from this dark picture to the contemplation of the now peaceful and beautiful

ISLANDS OF LAKE GEORGE.

Our view is taken from the west side of the lake.

As we have before remarked, these are very numerous as well as varied in size and form. Some are of considerable extent, level and cultivated; others rise in rugged cliffs from the water, their summits crowned with tufts of vegetation, and their crevices filled with clinging shrubs and stunted trees: some are bare rocks, on which the water-fowl make their nests; and many are

mere points, rising but a few feet above the water: but all are beautiful and interesting to those who have the good fortune to traverse their labyrinths.

There are plenty of skiffs and boats on the lake, in which we may row and dream upon the placid waters and among the sweet islets of Horicon, until we have forgotten the present, and are revelling in the romantic memories of the past,—when these crystal ripples were cut only by the light bark-canoe of the red man, as he glided noiselessly through the vast solitudes in search of game, perchance of enemies. The pictures that are seen, in a retrospective glance, are generally strongly defined in powerful light and shade. The sunbeams of romantic association and adventure may be broad and vivid; but the shadows of evil deeds and savage warfare are terribly dark and sombre. The woodman's axe now awakens the echoes which were wont to answer to the ring of the pioneer's rifle and the yell of his Indian foe; while the canoe has given place to the more convenient boat and the rapid steamer. Yet we may get out of the way of civilized sights and sounds, and find spots here where the descendant of the first owners of the soil might wander and dream until he should fancy the time of his forefathers had returned, and that he was still alone in the vast wilderness.

But however pleasant dreaming may be, we are constrained to interrupt it. The steamer is rapidly sweeping us through the midst of the most fairy-like scenes,

and opening up to our view prospects of ever-changing grandeur and beauty, which claim our undivided attention.

“With every changing hour,” writes Addison Richards—“dawn, sunset, and night—with the varying weather—from the calm of drowsy morning to the eve of gathering storm—these islands are found in ever-changing phases. As they sleep for a moment in the deep quiet of a passing cloud-shadow, you sigh for rest in their cooling bowers. Anon the sun breaks over them, and you are still as eager to mingle in their now wild and lawless revelry. You may shake up the lake like a kaleidoscope, seeing with every varying change a new picture, by simply varying your relative position to these islands. Now you have a fore-ground of pebbly beach, or, perchance, of jagged rock or of forest *débris*, with the spreading water and the distance-tinted hills, to fill up the canvass; or, peeping beneath the pendent boughs of the beech and maple, an Arcadian bower discloses vistas of radiant beauty.”

Description attempts in vain to convey an accurate idea of beautiful scenery. We quote the opinion of others, in order to tempt the traveller to visit this lovely spot—to go and see that which is so well worthy of being seen, but cannot be adequately described.

The first island of interest that we pass, after leaving Caldwell, is *Diamond Island*, near Dunham Bay. It was a *depôt* of military stores for Burgoyne's army in



1777, and the scene of a sharp skirmish between the garrison and a body of Americans.

Long Island is close to Harris Bay, in which Montcalm moored his bateaux in 1757.

On *Dome Island*, twelve miles from Caldwell, Putnam's men took shelter while he went to acquaint General Webb with the enemy's movements.

North-west Bay, just beyond Bolton, is an exceedingly beautiful part of the lake.

Bolton itself is nothing, a mere "huddle" of huts, as its inhabitants appropriately term it. Its inn is everything, and that is everything to us! The vicinity of Bolton is the favourite resort of the hunter and the piscator. The trout and bass taken here are frequently of enormous size. From the *Pinnacle* and other elevations in the neighbourhood, splendid views of the surrounding country and of Lake Champlain may be obtained, by those who love to tread the mountain-tops at break of day. This is one of the broadest parts of the lake, and the islands are numerous.

Tongue Mountain protrudes itself into the water here, cutting off North-west Bay from the main passage; and hard by, on the eastern shore, is

Shelving Rock, a bold semicircle of pallisades, famed for its dens of rattlesnakes and its good fishing.

Black Mountain rises immediately behind Shelving Rock. It is a bold, prominent, and ever-visible object in the scenery of the lake, 2200 feet high.

Fourteen-Mile Island, in front of Shelving Rock, is the favourite temporary residence of those who chase the deer among the crags of Tongue Mountain.

But let us prepare for a change in the scene, for our little vessel is now approaching

THE NARROWS.

The View of the Narrows given in our Engraving is taken from the south.

The hills extend into the lake at this point, and contract it very considerably, while the height of the mountains renders the contraction more impressive and apparent. The Black Mountain rears his bulky form here to a height of above 2200 feet, and around are the boldest and most picturesque parts of the shores of Lake George. The water here is 400 feet deep, and wonderfully pellucid, permitting the eye to penetrate far down into its mysterious depths.

The passage of the Narrows is a most interesting part of our voyage. There are few scenes more enchanting or more romantic than the intricacies of an island-studded lake. In passing through such scenery every faculty of the mind is roused to an unusual state of activity. Like the moving pictures of a panorama, scene follows scene with a rapidity that gratifies and excites the mind, filling the eye with ever-changing visions of beauty, and raising expectation to its utmost pitch, as each point or headland is passed, and the prospect is slowly unveiled.

Scenery of this kind, even although the land be unpicturesque or barren, is always interesting from its novelty and variety ; but when, like the Narrows of Lake George, all around is grand, verdant, and lovely, the scene becomes one which it is beyond the power of language to describe.

“ Between some of its beautiful islands, and between those islands and the shore, the lake assumes the character of quiet river scenery. From the undisturbed state of the luxuriant vegetation at the water’s edge, however, and the absence of the *debris* that is usually left by the freshets to which running streams are liable, the scenery is lovelier than that of most rivers, and differs from them as the shores of the tideless Mediterranean do from those of the disturbed Atlantic. At one point, in passing one of the Narrows, a broad expanse of lake opens up to view ; a distant island is seen resting on its soft reflection in the calm water ; beyond that is a neck of the mainland, darkened by the shadow of a neighbouring hill ; and, in the extreme distance, a massive mountain, raising its bold top into the clouds, and rendered soft, blue, and indistinct, by the intervening atmosphere ; while several islets, clothed with rich verdure, shroud the foreground of the picture in deep, effective shadow. At other spots the prospect widens, revealing a sweep of the lake, studded with islands of various shape and size, whose verdure is tipped and streaked with trickling gleams of light.”

Several miles beyond the Narrows we approach

SABBATH-DAY POINT.

Here historical associations and natural beauties crowd upon us in profusion. Towards the south the view of the Narrows is extremely fine; while to the north we have the broad bay; the landing and hotel at Garfield's; *Rogers' Slide*, and the precipice of *St. Anthony's Nose* reflected in the clear water.

In the year 1758 General Abercrombie landed on this fertile point, to rest and refresh his army of 16,000 men, while on his way to attack the French at Ticonderoga. It was Sabbath morning when they landed,—hence the name. Here, in 1756, a small band of colonists were attacked by a party of French troops and Indians, whom they defeated with great slaughter. Again, in 1776, the green sod of this point was stained with blood. A fight took place between a band of Tories, with their Indian allies, and a party of American militia, in which the former were signally defeated.

The next point of peculiar interest that we come to is

ROGERS' SLIDE,

so named from Major Rogers, who, while flying from the Indians in 1758, practised upon them a *ruse*, by which he persuaded them that he had actually slid down the stupendous declivity, which is about 400 feet high, with a steep front of naked rock; and well might the savages be

surprised at the bold Major's supposed descent, as they stood baffled on the brink of the tremendous cliff. It happened thus:—The Major was flying from his enemies, on snow-shoes, during the winter, and eluded pursuit until he reached the summit of this mountain. “Aware that they would follow his track, he descended to the top of the smooth rock, and, casting his knapsack and his haversack of provisions down upon the ice, slipped off his snow-shoes, and, without moving them, turned himself about and put them on his feet again. He then retreated along the southern brow of the rock several rods, and down a ravine he made his way safely to the lake below, snatched up his pack, and fled on the ice to Fort-George. The Indians in the meanwhile coming up to the spot, saw the two tracks, both apparently approaching the precipice, and concluded that two persons had cast themselves down the rock rather than fall into their hands. Just then they saw the bold leader of the Rangers making his way across the ice; and, believing that he had slid down the steep face of the rock, considered him under the special protection of the Great Spirit, and made no attempt at pursuit.”

The lake is narrowed here by Rogers' Slide on the one hand, and St. Anthony's huge Nose on the other.

Prisoners' Island is two miles farther on. Here, during the wars, the prisoners taken by the English were confined; and from this spot some of them escaped by swimming ashore.

Howe's Landing lies to the west of Prisoners' Island. Here the English army under Abercrombie landed in 1758, previous to attacking Ticonderoga. It is named after Lord Howe, who fell in that expedition. A little farther and we reach the foot of the lake, and the termination of our pleasant voyage down this beautiful sheet of water.

FORT TICONDEROGA.

This fort was built by the French in 1756, and was named by them Carrillon. Happily its present beautiful Indian name has entirely supplanted the other. Ticonderoga signifies *noisy*; and it is the name given by the natives to the falls at the outlet of Lake George. The fort is a peaceful ruin now; but it was the scene of many a fierce struggle in the warlike days of old.

Before reaching this fortress, however, we have a delightful walk or drive of four miles before us, along the short and sparkling stream that connects Lake George with Champlain, for Ticonderoga belongs to the latter lake.

The turbulent little stream makes a descent of 230 feet, in the course of which there are two series of beautiful cascades, called *The Falls of Ticonderoga*. The romance of these is done away, however, to some extent, by the manufactories which the good people of the villages of Alexandria and Ticonderoga have erected on the banks. Through these villages we pass on our

way down. The walk is most charming. The scenery varies continually, and openings in the foliage reveal vistas of the distant landscape,—the lake, and the hills and valleys of Vermont beyond ; while the riotous stream foams and tumbles beside us, presenting at every turn new and beautiful combinations of rock and water, draped with rich verdure, the colours of which harmonize pleasantly with the bright blue peeps that we obtain of Lake Champlain ever and anon as we jog along.

The Upper Falls, near the village of Alexandria, consist of a succession of bold leaps, which make a descent of 200 feet within the distance of a mile. The water power is unlimited ; for which latter utilitarian remark we apologize to the romantic reader.

The Lower Fall descends 30 feet perpendicularly, and is situated near the village of Ticonderoga, where it is turned aside and compelled to work, ere it continues its headlong passage to Lake Champlain.

In 1758 Fort Ticonderoga was attacked by an English army of 16,000 men under Abercrombie ; the same army to which we have already referred as having landed, in passing, on Sabbath-day Point. They traversed Lake George in upwards of a thousand boats, and landed at the lower end in safety. Here, however, the good fortune of the English forsook them. Their progress was much retarded as they approached the French lines, and they had frequent skirmishes with the enemy, in one of which Lord Howe was killed. Still they pressed for-

ward, until their columns were broken and thrown into such disorder by the thick woods, that their leader deemed it prudent to fall back and encamp for the night at the lower end of Lake George.

The following day was one of dire disaster to the English. The French garrison amounted to 6000 men, and an additional body of 3000 was on its way to re-enforce them. This was known to Abercrombie, who, anxious to make the assault before the succours could arrive, led forward his army to the attack early in the morning. The only point at which the fort was assailable was defended by a strong line of breastworks, composed of felled trees and bushes. As the English approached, a well-directed fire of artillery was opened upon them; but they continued to advance with unflinching firmness until they gained the breastwork. Here, however, their progress was completely arrested. For four hours they vainly endeavoured with their swords to cut through the tangled masses of timber and branches, while a murderous fire of artillery and musketry was poured into them by the French, who were completely under shelter. At length Abercrombie, becoming convinced that his troops would be annihilated if the unequal conflict should be prolonged, gave the order to retreat, and the remnant of that fine army returned once again to their former encampment, having lost nearly 2000 men. The retreat was effected without further loss, as the French did not pursue them.

The stronghold which had cost so much brave blood was obtained without a struggle the following year, when it was abandoned by the French and taken possession of by the English under General Amherst.

Ticonderoga on another occasion changed hands with scarcely any shedding of blood. In 1775 it was ordered to be taken by a body of Americans. "The Green Mountain Boys" were selected for this work, and marched to the attack under their famous leader, Ethan Allen. On reaching the shore of the lake opposite the fort, Allen endeavoured to obtain a guide who was acquainted with the ground and the places of access to the fort. He was successful. A boy named Nathan Beman, who was in the habit of playing with the boys of the fort, and knew every hole and corner about it, agreed to guide them. Some difficulty was at first experienced in procuring boats, but at length enough were obtained, and a party of 83 Americans crossed silently over about dawn on the 10th of May. While the boats returned for the remainder of his troops, Allen resolved to make the attack at once with the men that he had. Drawing them up in three ranks, he made them a short harangue, and then, placing himself at their head, led the way stealthily and rapidly up the heights. So silently had all the arrangements been made, that on arriving at the gates they were found wide open, and the first intimation the sentinel had of the presence of a foe was the sight of Allen and his men marching into the barrack-yard.

The astounded sentinel snapped his musket at the bold leader and retreated. Another sentinel, more resolute than his comrade, wounded an officer with his bayonet, but was immediately cut down by Allen, and was constrained to beg for quarter.

The Americans now drew up on the parade-ground, and announced their presence to the slumbering garrison by giving three hearty cheers. Allen then found his way to the apartment of the commandant, whom he aroused by demanding, in no gentle voice, that the fort should be instantly surrendered. The astonished Frenchman sprang from his bed, rubbed his eyes as if he suspected himself of dreaming, and asked by what authority his rude visitor presumed to make such a demand. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," answered Allen.

At first the commandant seemed inclined to argue the point, but a peremptory repetition of the demand, and an unmistakable gesture with the sword from the stout American, convinced him that discretion was the better part of valour. He ordered his men to parade without arms, and Ticonderoga was surrendered.

The garrison consisted of a captain, a lieutenant, and forty-eight privates, all of whom were taken prisoners and forwarded to Hartford. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, besides swivels, mortars, and small arms, fell into the hands of the captors on this occasion. The fort remained in the possession of the

Americans till 1777, when General Bourgoyne laid siege to it.

Mount Defiance, a hill not far from the fortifications at Ticonderoga, completely commands the fort, being considerably higher. The Americans supposed that it was impossible to convey cannon to its summit. They were mistaken, however; Bourgoyne took possession of the hill and began to erect batteries on it. Seeing that all prospect of holding out against such circumstances was hopeless, St. Clair, the American general, resolved to abandon the post, and also *Mount Independence*, which he held at the time. The retreat was effected next morning, and Ticonderoga was taken possession of and held by the British till the close of the war.

In our spirited engraving of the south end of Lake Champlain, Fort Ticonderoga is seen on the left, with a background of woods; while, on the right, we have the windings of the lake, dotted with small craft.

Leaving the old ruin behind us, we now turn to

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

This is one of the most interesting of the American lakes, both on account of its beautiful scenery and its historical associations. It was discovered in 1609 by Samuel Champlain, the great founder of Quebec and the early settlements in Canada.

Having established the infant colony on Cape Diamond, and passed the winter of 1608 there, Cham-

plain started, on the 28th of May 1609, to explore the interior. In order to facilitate his operations, he entered into an agreement with his Indian friends, who belonged to the celebrated Algonquin nation, to assist them in a proposed invasion of the lands of the Iroquois. Accordingly he took a band of soldiers along with him. Having passed Lake St. Peter, they arrived at the mouth of the river which he was told took its rise in the country of the Iroquois. This was the Richelieu. They had not proceeded far, however, ere their progress was interrupted by the Chambly rapids, which dashed furiously from bank to bank amid rocks and stones. Up this the boat could not be taken, and the obstacles in the way of cutting a road through the woods were so great, that Champlain determined to commit himself to the canoes of his savage allies, and share their fate. His men, however, refused to accompany him, with the exception of two, who seem to have been more courageous than the others.

Leaving the rest of the party behind, the bold discoverer and his two men followed the savages. They carried the light canoes, arms, and baggage, half a league overland, and, re-embarking above the falls, they continued their journey. Finally they emerged upon the magnificent bosom of the lake on which Champlain bestowed his name. The party, on deadly war intent, continued their voyage until they reached the beautiful waters of Lake George; and here they caught the first glimpse of their enemies.

The Iroquois instantly flew to arms, on beholding the invaders, and intrenched themselves behind a strong fortification of trunks of trees. Nothing was done that night, however. It was spent by both parties in dancing their war dances, and shouting defiance to each other. Next day the two bands drew near to fight. Then, for the first time, the echoes of the lake reverberated with the report of fire-arms, and the breasts of the awe-stricken savages heaved with terror. Champlain fired an arquebus loaded with four balls, by which he killed two Indians and mortally wounded a third. Still the brave Iroquois stood their ground, recovered from their surprise, and poured in clouds of arrows; when another and another deadly shot from the thickets struck such terror into their hearts that they turned and fled precipitately, abandoning their fortification, and seeking protection in the heart of the forest. A number were killed, and ten or twelve taken prisoners; and these latter were put to death in the usual savage fashion, with horrible tortures.

The extent of Lake Champlain is as follows: It is 120 miles long, from Whitehall at the southern to St. John's at the northern end. It lies north and south, and its northern extremity crosses the line that divides the United States from Canada. In breadth the lake varies from one fourth of a mile to thirteen miles, and it covers an area of 500 miles. Its waters are well stored with salmon, sturgeon, trout, pickerel, and other varieties of fish.

Lake Champlain forms part of one of the main routes between the United States and Canada. The navigable waters of the Hudson are connected with it by the Champlain Canal, which is sixty-four miles long, and forty feet wide. It has twenty-one locks, and rises to a height of 134 feet above the Hudson, descending again fifty-four feet to the lake. At Sandy Hill it has a feeder of considerable size, which is navigable. The cost of construction was nearly 1,080,000 dollars; and it took about three years to complete, having been commenced in 1816, and finished in 1819. This lake is also connected with the St. Lawrence and Montreal by canal and railway; and also with New York, Boston, and Ogdensburg.

Its waters are crowded with shipping of all kinds; steamers, tugs, sloops, schooners, canal-boats, barges, and small craft, are constantly passing to and fro, giving life and animation to the scene. The steamers are first rate in all respects—swift, elegant, commodious, and well manned. They run daily from Whitehall to Rouse's Point, stopping at intermediate stations.

The appearance of steamers at night is exceedingly grand. The wood with which their fires are fed sends forth clouds of the most brilliant sparks, which issue from their funnels like a magnificent pyrotechnic display; and when the night chances to be so dark that the bodies of the vessels are not visible, they have the appearance of monstrous fiery serpents as they go rushing past. The first steamboat built on this lake com-

menced to run in 1809. There have been upwards of twenty steamers launched on its bosom since then, and there are upwards of 200 sloops from 50 to 100 tons burden.

From the town of Whitehall, situated at the southern extremity of Champlain, to Ticonderoga, the lake is very narrow, seldom exceeding a mile in breadth, and frequently being much less. There is a bend called the Elbow, about half a mile from Whitehall, which is so narrow that large boats have considerable difficulty in passing; and steamers sometimes use a rope, fastened to the shore, to assist their helm in making the sharp turn. At *Shole's Landing*, a short distance from Mount Independence, the lake is only forty rods wide. As we approach the centre of the lake a large sheet of water spreads out to view, and the scenery is extremely picturesque, bold headlands appearing as we advance, and magnificent mountain ranges stretching away on either side,—the Green Mountains with the conspicuous Camel's Hump on the east, and the Adirondack range on the west. The latter abounds with iron ore and fine timber, and the highest peak rises to upwards of 5000 feet. The starting-point from the head of the lake is

WHITEHALL.

This is a bustling town, close beside the junction of the canal with lake Champlain.

Travellers who have reached Champlain *via* Lake

George do not touch here, but as some prefer to travel from Albany direct by rail to Whitehall, we will begin with this village.

It was a place of considerable importance during the early French and Indian wars, and afterwards during the war of Independence. It was known by the name of Skeenesborough, after Major Skeene, who resided here before the Revolution. The town is a great thoroughfare and very prosperous. It is situated in a wild rocky ravine at the foot of Skeene's Mountain. It was incorporated in 1820, and contains a population of upwards of 4000. There are four churches, a bank, upwards of thirty stores, and numerous warehouses and mercantile establishments; besides two dry docks, two ship-building yards, and several tanneries, brickyards, &c.

The hills in its immediate neighbourhood are high and rugged, while to the southward lies the valley formed by Wood Creek, in which were marshalled the French, English, and American armies, during the wars of 1759 and 1776. During the latter war the American forces rendezvoused here, when the country was invaded by General Bourgoyne, this point and Lake George being the only two approaches from Canada.

During the old French war General Putnam escaped from the Indians, it is said, by plunging into the lake a mile to the north of Whitehall, and swimming his horse to the opposite shore.

From this point travellers may, if so disposed, pro-

ceed on their journey northward by railway *via* Vermont, Castleton, Rutland, Burlington, &c., to Rouse's Point.

Benson, thirteen miles from Whitehall, is the first place at which the rushing steamer checks her onward course, and glides up to the landing. The lake begins to widen here a little.

Orwell is the next halting point, seven miles farther on. The lake widens to two miles here. At the twenty-fourth mile from Whitehall the steamer reaches Ticonderoga. Here she stops to pick up passengers who have sailed down Lake George, and here we will embark and proceed to examine the beauties of Champlain.

During the greater part of the passage between Ticonderoga and Burlington, a fine view is had of the Green Mountains, stretching along the eastern shore of the lake; and conspicuous features of the scene are the *Camel's Hump*, and the *Nose* and *Chin* of *Mansfield Mountains*, farther to the north.

The first place of peculiar interest that we come to is

CROWN POINT.

The fort here was surprised and taken by the Green Mountain Boys, under Seth Warner, on the same day in which Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga. The lake widens up a little between Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and there are two or three landing-places on the east side.

The first settlement was made here in 1731, by the French, who built a fort, which they named Fort St. Frederick, after Frederick Maurepas, the French Secretary of State. This fort was erected on the brow of a steep bank close to the water, and the dilapidated ruins of its ovens, bomb-proof covered way, and walls, are still to be seen.

The settlement here flourished for some time under the protection of the French garrison, from which, during the colonial wars, parties were sent out frequently to destroy the frontier English settlements and massacre the inhabitants. In 1749 there were well cultivated fields and gardens around the fort, and a small church within its walls. Close to it were two strong redoubts, and a battery named Grenadier's Battery.

In 1759, Crown Point fell into the hands of the British. On the approach of General Amherst and the English army, the French abandoned the position and retired to the north end of the lake. Instead of repairing the French works, however, the British General commenced a new fort on higher ground, about 200 yards to the south-west of the old buildings, and named it Crown Point. The work, however, was never finished, although enormous sums were expended upon it by the British Government. It was begun on a magnificent scale, as the remains show. The ramparts were twenty-four feet high and about twenty-five feet thick, and riveted with solid masonry. The whole circuit of the fort was nearly

half a mile. In one of the bastions there is a deep well, and an under-ground communication with the lake. The barracks, some of which are still standing, were built of solid masonry, and the width of the Point on which the remains of the fort stand is about a mile.

Chimney Point is on the opposite shore. It was probably so named on account of the chimneys of the French huts, which remained standing after the position was abandoned in 1759. The width of the lake between the two points is about half a mile.

Port Henry is situated on Cedar Point, on the same side with Crown Point—from which it is one and a half mile distant—at the mouth of Bulwagga Bay. There is excellent iron ore in this neighbourhood, which is worked by the *Port Henry Iron Company*.

West Port, sixteen miles from Crown Point, is on North-west Bay, on the east side of the lake. There is a ferry here across the lake to Basin Harbour, in Vermont. The place is prosperous, and contains upwards of 800 inhabitants.

Basin Harbour is the landing for the city of Vergennes, from which it is five miles distant.

FORT CASSIN

is three miles north of Basin Harbour, and was formerly a landing-place of passengers for Vergennes. Here was fitted out the fleet with which Commodore Macdonough gained his victory over the British in 1814. The fort

was named after Lieutenant Cassin of the American navy. This gallant officer, with 200 men, commanded by himself and Captain Thornton of the artillery, repulsed, on the 14th May 1814, a strong British force which attempted to destroy the American fleet, then getting ready for sea in the neighbouring creek.

SPLIT ROCK.

This is the most remarkable natural curiosity on the lake. It is an enormous mass of rock, about half an acre in extent, and thirty feet above the level of the water, which has been detached from the neighbouring cliff, and separated from it about twelve feet. The cause which effected the separation is not very certainly ascertained. Some think that a convulsion of nature did it; but it is more probable that a *dike* of soft material formerly filled up the chasm, and that this has been washed out. The water flows through this narrow gorge when the lake is high, but when the lake is low the passage is nearly dry. The rock is covered with bushes and luxuriant herbage. This rock is noticed in Charlevoix's map of 1744 as *Rocher Fendu*.

Beyond this point the lake widens considerably, and at M'Neil's Ferry, between the village of Essex and Charlotte's Landing, it is nearly three miles in width.

A lighthouse stands a little to the south of Split Rock.

Essex is a little village opposite *Charlotte's Landing*,

sixty-one miles from Whitehall. It contains upwards of 700 inhabitants.

Four Brothers are four small islands, on which, in consequence of their lying out of the line of passage, and therefore being undisturbed, the gulls delight to congregate. They lie about seven miles to the south-west of Burlington.

Juniper Island lies four miles beyond the Four Brothers. A lighthouse was erected on it in 1826. It has precipitous banks of slate rock, about thirty feet high.

Not far from this, *Rock Dundee* rises out of the water to a height of about thirty feet; and close to it is *Pottier's Point*, at the mouth of Shelburn Bay. There is a ship-yard here, called the Harbour, in which some of the large steamboats are usually laid up during the winter; and here several of them have been built.

Two and a half miles farther on we come to a halt at the landing-place of

BURLINGTON.

Our Engraving represents this beautiful town as seen from the land, not from the water.

This is one of the most important towns in the State of Vermont. It is twenty-five miles from Plattsburg and fifty from Rouse's Point, situated on a fine bay of the same name on the eastern shore of the lake, and possessed of an excellent harbour for steamers and large craft. A breakwater protects it from the westerly winds and renders it doubly secure. The town is the centre of

several important lines of railway and steamboat communication: it contains a population of about 9000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in size and prosperity. Burlington is a port of entry, and, by arrangements between the American and British Governments, is one of the two ports on the lake at which merchandise, passing from England through the United States into Canada, is entered for inspection and exportation. The other port of entry is Plattsburg.

The position of the town is exceedingly beautiful, and some of the buildings are very picturesque, particularly those of the *University of Vermont*, which was founded in 1791. They consist of four spacious edifices. From the dome on the principal of these the view is magnificent. On one hand we have the *Winooski River*, which tumbles in wild haste through dark ravines until it finds rest in the peaceful meadow-lands to the north. Farms and hamlets spread out in the distance, while at our feet lies the bustling town, with its Episcopal Institute, its court-house and jail; eight churches of different denominations, banking-houses, hotels, factories, mills; and four wharves, with warehouses, merchandise, and shipping. Beyond lie the beautiful waters of the lake—nearly ten miles wide at this point—on which steamers, sloops, barges, and boats are continually passing, while the shouts of their crews mingle with the buzz of the busy fraternity on shore.

There is a gas-work here which supplies the town.

There is a pioneer mechanics' shop, in which are several extensive manufactories carried on by steam-power.

Wherever we travel in this world, we find a certain class of individuals whose chief delight is to ascend to the highest possible pinnacle of the highest mountain or hill in any given locality. For the benefit of such individuals we may mention that *Mansfield Mountain* (4279 feet high) lies twenty miles to the north-east of Burlington, and the *Camel's Hump* (4183 feet high) is about the same distance to the south-east. To both of these hills conveyances may be obtained here. The Vermont Central Railway runs near the base of the latter mountain. From the summits of both the views are most magnificent.

Winooski is a thriving manufacturing village little more than a mile from Burlington, near the *Lower Falls* of the Winooski River. The water-power here is very great, and the inhabitants have made use of it pretty extensively, various mills, and cotton and woollen factories, and other establishments, having been erected near the banks of the turbulent stream.

Port Kent is situated on the opposite side of the lake, about ten miles distant. The site of the village is beautiful, and the view of the lake from the landing is particularly fine.

Trembleu Point, the commencement of the Clinton range of mountains, lies to the south of the landing at

Port Kent. An immense quantity of iron is shipped from this port.

From this place to Plattsburg the course is along the western shore of the lake.

THE AU SABLE RIVER,

which flows into the lake a little to the north of Port Kent, passes through a region which is rich in iron ore. On its banks there are several flourishing manufacturing villages: Au Sable Fork, Clintonville, Keeseville, Birmingham, &c. At Birmingham and the *Au Sable Chasm* below—two miles from Port Kent—the falls on the river are very fine and well worth visiting. The ravine at the *Chasm* is singularly beautiful and romantic. The rocks rise perpendicularly on either side of the river from 80 to 150 feet for a distance of nearly two miles, the average width being about fifty feet. We strongly advise a short sojourn here. At Keeseville, four miles from Port Kent, there is an excellent hotel named the Au Sable House.

The next landing we reach is

PORT JACKSON.

This neighbourhood is noted for a severe naval engagement which took place near *Valcour Island*, opposite, in 1776, between the American fleet, under General Arnold, and that of the British, under Captain Pringle. The action began about twelve o'clock, and lasted until

night closed in, neither side having gained the victory. Arnold found his ships in such a crippled condition, however, that he resolved not to risk another engagement, and under cover of the night he made a bold dash through the enemy's line, and escaped without having been observed.

In the morning the British gave chase. The result was the destruction of the American vessels. Arnold held out gallantly to the last, and, when he found that there was no chance of escape, boldly ran his vessels ashore, about ten miles below Crown Point, and set them on fire. After they were burned, he and his men made good their retreat to Crown Point.

About six miles east from Port Jackson, the steamer Phoenix was burned. This is the only accident of the kind, worth mentioning, that has occurred since the commencement of steam navigation on the lake in 1809. It happened on the 5th of September 1819.

"On the morning of the accident, the Phoenix left Burlington about one o'clock, against a strong head-wind. About three o'clock, while off nearly west of the south end of *Grand Isle*, the boat was discovered to be on fire, and all efforts to extinguish it were unavailing. There were at this time forty-four persons on board, thirty-one of whom entered the small boats, and succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in reaching a small island about a mile to windward, called *Providence Island*. The remaining thirteen were soon obliged to commit them-

selves to the water upon bits of plank, and such other things as were within their reach. The small boats returned just after daylight, and succeeded in saving six of those who had managed to keep themselves afloat. The remaining seven were drowned. The wreck drifted southward, and lodged on a reef extending from Colchester Point."

The next point we pass is the village of

PLATTSBURG.

Our View is taken from the land.

This is a spot of peculiar interest, as having been the scene of a brilliant engagement during the last war with the British.

This flourishing village is pleasantly situated on both sides of the Saranac River, in Clinton county, New York. It contains about 4000 inhabitants, and on the river there are several mills and manufactories. The water-power here is considerable, and there is a succession of falls which make a total descent of forty feet. This is one of the United States military posts, where the Government have extensive barracks. The country is rich in mineral productions, particularly iron ore of fine quality. The steamers touch here daily during the season of navigation, and there is a good break-water for the protection of the shipping in the harbour of Cumberland Bay. The Plattsburg and Montreal Rail-

way starts from this village, running to Caughnawaga, a distance of sixty-two miles.

The engagement that took place here between the British and American fleets and armies, in September 1814, is a stirring incident in the history of those times.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AND BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG.

In the summer of 1814, Lake Champlain became the theatre of one of the fiercest struggles that took place between the Americans and the British during the last war. The battle on the lake and the assault on land occurred on the same day, the 11th September; and terminated with the same result,—the total defeat of the British.

Commodore Macdonough commanded the American flotilla, which was lying in Plattsburg Bay, and which consisted of the flag-ship *Saratoga*, of 26 guns; the *Eagle*, of 20; the *Ticonderoga*, of 17; the *Preble*, of 7; and ten gun-boats, carrying in all 16 guns. The crews amounted altogether to 880 men.

Commodore Downie commanded the British fleet, which consisted of the frigate *Confiance*, of 37 guns; the *Linnet*, of 16 guns; the *Chub*, of 11; the *Finch*, of 11; and 12 gun-boats, carrying together 20 guns. The crews amounted in all to upwards of 1000 men. The metal on both sides was very heavy.

On the 7th of September, General Prevost appeared before Plattsburg with the British army, consisting of 14,000 men, and taking up a position, awaited the arrival of the fleet under Captain Downie. Plattsburg was commanded by General Macomb at the time, and was garrisoned by one brigade, and a large body of militia.

It was Sunday morning when the fight began. Just as the sun rose over the eastern mountains, the American

guard-boat on the watch was seen rowing swiftly into the harbour, bearing intelligence that the enemy was in sight. The drums immediately beat to quarters, and every vessel was cleared for action. The preparations being completed, Commodore Macdonough summoned his officers around him, and read prayers on the deck of the *Saratoga*. It was a solemn and thrilling spectacle. One probably never before witnessed in a ship of war cleared for action.

As the enemy drew near, the churches on shore were deserted, and every eminence was crowded with anxious spectators. On one side was the hostile squadron coming down to the sound of music,—on the other stood the armies on shore in order of battle, with their banners flying,—between lay Macdonough's little fleet at anchor, silently awaiting the coming struggle.

The English vessels, under easy sail, swept one after another round Cumberland Head, and approached bows on. The first shot was fired by the Americans from the *Eagle*, which opened her broadsides. Startled by the sound, a cock on board the *Saratoga*, which had escaped from the coop, flew up on a gun-slide and crowed ! an action which was received with a loud laugh and three hearty cheers by the crew, who regarded it as a happy omen. Macdonough reserved his fire till the enemy sailed closer up, and, when the *Confiance* came within range, he sighted a long twenty-four and fired. The heavy shot struck the *Confiance*, and, passing along the entire length of her deck, killed many of her men, and carried away the wheel. This was the signal for all the vessels to open fire, and in a moment the quiet bay resounded with the thunder of artillery, while clouds of thick smoke rose into the clear sky.

The *Confiance* did not return the fire, but held steadily on till within quarter of a mile of the *Saratoga* ; then she let go her anchors, swung round, and delivered her whole broadside with a terrific crash. The *Saratoga* quivered from keelson to crosstrees under the tremendous discharge ; nearly

half her crew were knocked down, and fifty men were either killed or wounded. The next moment the men recovered from the stunning effects of the sudden and awful discharge, and the Saratoga poured her broadside into the English ship with terrible effect, while the latter replied so rapidly that she seemed enveloped in flame.

The fire soon became so hot that the Eagle could not withstand it; she changed position, and fell in nearer shore, leaving the Saratoga to sustain almost alone the whole weight of the unequal contest. She returned broadside for broadside, but the weight of metal was against her, and she was fast becoming a wreck, while her deck presented a scene of the most frightful carnage. Suddenly a cry of despair rang out from stem to stern,—“The Commodore is killed!” and the brave commander lay senseless upon the blood-stained deck. This was a mistake, however; Macdonough had been knocked down by the boom, which was cut away by a shot, and fell upon him; but in a few minutes he recovered, and, taking his place beside the gun that he had sighted from the commencement of the action, again cheered on his men.

A second time the cry was raised, “The Commodore is killed!” and every eye was turned to Macdonough, who had been hurled completely across the ship, and lay between two guns covered with blood. But again the hero revived, and, limping to his gun, coolly continued to hull the enemy. At last all the guns on the side of the Saratoga next the enemy were rendered useless, and it seemed as if there were nothing left but to surrender. But the sailing-master hit upon an expedient by which the vessel was swung round, and the other broadside brought to bear.

Meanwhile the Confiance was terribly shattered. The British Commodore, Captain Downie, had fallen soon after the battle began, and the ship had been hulled *a hundred and five times*. Observing the manœuvre of her antagonist, she endeavoured to imitate it, but failed, and lay with her crippled side exposed to the fresh fire of the Saratoga.

Further resistance was therefore useless, and in a few minutes she surrendered. The *Saratoga* then brought her guns to bear on the *Linnet*, which struck after twenty minutes fire.

While this terrific contest was going on between the chief ships of the opposing squadrons, the others were not idle. The *Ticonderoga*, especially, under Lieutenant Cassin, was handled in a manner that astonished every one. This fearless officer walked backward and forward over his blood-stained decks encouraging his men, and apparently quite unmindful of the iron storm that rained around him. His broadsides were so rapid and incessant, that several times the vessel was thought to be on fire.

Soon after the commencement of the engagement the *Chub* received a broadside from the *Eagle*, which so crippled her that she drifted between the opposing vessels and struck. The *Finch* was driven from her position by the *Ticonderoga*, and drifted on the shoal near Crab Island. Here she was fired into by the battery on that island, and surrendered. Soon after this, the British gun-boats attempted to close, and compelled the sloop *Preble* to cut her cables and anchor in shore of the line, where she was of no service during the engagement. They also made several gallant assaults on the *Ticonderoga*, but were unsuccessful. Afterwards, as flag after flag was lowered, the gunboats took to their sweeps and escaped.

The action lasted two hours and a half, and the loss on both sides was very severe. So fiercely had the contest raged, that there was not a mast in either fleet fit for use at its close.

Among those killed on the British side were, Captain Downie, Captain Alexander Anderson, Midshipman William Gunn, and Lieutenant William Paul. Among others the Americans lost Lieutenant Peter Gamble, Lieutenant John Stansburg, Midshipman J. M. Baldwin, and Sailing Master Rogers Carter.

Lieutenant Gamble of the *Saratoga* was on his knees sighting a gun when a British shot entered the port, split the quoin, drove a portion of it against his breast, and laid him

dead on the deck without breaking the skin. Quarter of an hour later an American shot struck the muzzle of a twenty-four in the *Confiance*, which was driven bodily inboard, and struck Captain Downie on the groin, killing him also without breaking the skin.

The Battle of Plattsburg was fought on shore while the conflict was raging on the lake. The first shot from the ships was the signal to begin; and, as the thunder of Prevost's heavy batteries mingled with the incessant broadsides of the squadrons, the very shores trembled, and far over the lake the echoes rolled away, carrying anxiety and fear into the quiet farm-houses of Vermont. But when the flag of the British Commodore was struck, the enemy on land, disheartened and confused, retreated across the Saranac, and the battle ceased.

Leaving the scene of this tremendous conflict we continue our voyage.

Cumberland Head, just passed, is a peninsula which extends between two and three miles into the lake, opposite the village of Plattsburg, and forming Cumberland Bay, into which the *Saranac* River flows. On this point is situated the farm presented to Commodore Macdonough by the Legislature of Vermont. The point is connected with *South Hero* Island by a ferry. This is the largest island on the lake. It belongs to the jurisdiction of Vermont, and is connected with the main shore by a bridge.

Proceeding onward, we next pass *Chazy Landing*, sixteen miles from Plattsburg.

Isle La Motte is a fine large island, six miles long by two wide, with a good marble quarry. It is attached to Vermont.

At length we reach the termination of the lake and of our voyage at

ROUSE'S POINT.

This is the last landing-place on the lake within the United States, 25 miles from Plattsburg and 125 from Whitehall. Immediately beyond is the head of the Richelieu, or Sorel River, and the British territory. "On a low point about a mile northward of the landing, the United States Government commenced building a fort in 1815, and after expending about two hundred thousand dollars, it was discovered that the ground was British soil. The work was abandoned, and so remained until the conclusion of the treaty formed by Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburn in 1842, when the territorial line was run a little north of the fort, the building of which was then resumed.

The line of separation is twenty-three miles south of St. John's. A broad strip, running east and west, cut into the forest on either side, indicates the limit of American and British dominion.

Railways come in here from the eastern States through Vermont, and are prolonged by the Champlain and St. Lawrence Road to Montreal.

Travellers to Canada may continue their voyage by steamboat to the head of navigation on these waters, at the town of St. John's. A long and massive drawbridge is thrown over the foot of Lake Champlain, for the ac-

commodation of the railway traffic passing from Montreal and Ogdensburg to New York and Boston. This is the only thoroughfare between the Eastern States and Canada during the winter months.

Rouse's Point is a port of entry, and travellers on arriving or departing, are subjected to the annoyance of having their baggage examined by the custom-house officers.

Ash Island, between three and four miles north of the line, is regarded as the termination of the lake and the commencement of the Richelieu River, which forms its outlet. The river here is about half a mile wide.

La Colle, on the west side, was a military post of the British during the last war. An unsuccessful attack was made on it by the Americans in 1814.

Isle aux Noix, a strongly fortified position, twelve miles north of Rouse's Point, is the British frontier post and the first landing in Canada. It is occupied by British troops, and completely commands the channel of the river.

Alburg, Vermont, is on a triangular piece of ground projecting from Canada into the lake, which surrounds it, except on the Canada side. The village of Alburg, a port of entry, lies on the eastern shore; and to the north of this a few miles, are the *Alburg Springs*, a celebrated watering-place.

Highgate Springs, seventeen miles from Rouse's Point, is another favourite resort, affording excellent fishing and hunting.

Missisquoi Bay lies chiefly in Canada, or north of the forty-fifth degree of north latitude. This large sheet of water is romantically situated amid very beautiful scenery. The climate is delightful and invigorating. Fishing and hunting are to be enjoyed on its shores, and hundreds of visitors crowd to it annually in search of health and amusement.

It is a fitting termination to Lake Champlain, which, in connection with Lake George, forms one of the most beautiful, interesting, and enjoyable localities and summer resorts in the United States of America.

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